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This Week

The only quarrel we have with Mr. Lynd's little essay on crossword puzzles is his statement that everybody 'under the rank of President' in this country does them. As a relaxation from skiing on the White House lawn, shaking hands with visiting morticians, and endorsing National Thrift Week, surely our Silent Chief allows himself the luxury of a puzzle or two an evening.

* * *

H. G. Wells is not one of those people to whom certain aspects of the universe appear almost inscrutable. To him the world is neither a garden of folly nor a charnel house of despair; it is simply a great big laboratory all fixed up with sanitary tiles, something like an enormous bathroom. And some day, a million or so years hence, when we are just a little wiser than we are now, we shall have Schoolmasters for Presidents, and the millennium for which Mr. Wilson strove will be at hand.

* * *

Alfonso XIII and his little friend Primo de Rivera step out together in the evening altogether too often to suit the puritanical tastes of Mr. Blasco-Ibañez. It is just as well that the author of the *Four Horsemen*, and other Valentino successes, has not made a trip to Washington lately, for he would so envy the honesty, sobriety, and wisdom of our American statesmen that it would drive him crazy.

* * *

Even as you and I, Finn Hoffman has visited Montmartre — not to have a good time, but because 'it has to be experienced.' You cannot help pitying the unfortunate fellow, surrounded by cocaine-peddlers, Negro doormen, streetwalkers, drunks, and jazz-bands, and in the next breath thanking your stars that you live in a place where such things are possible only in the *Living Age*.

* * *

Poor H. W. was terribly disappointed in Berlin. He went there especially to buy some broad-checked silk socks, and they were too expensive.

* * *

William Archer was an old friend of Bernard Shaw, and sizes him up pretty shrewdly. There is little doubt, this side of the Mississippi, that Shaw is almost invariably in earnest, but the trouble with him is that his heart does not beat in time with the heart of his audience — and of course that is fatal.

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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

SENSATIONAL REVELATIONS

LJUBA JOVANOVITCH, who was Minister of Education in the Serbian Cabinet when Archduke Franz Ferdinand was assassinated at Serajevo, and who was recently President of the Serbian Parliament, has published at Belgrade his reminiscences of the fatal months of June and July 1914. They seem to make all doubt as to the Serbian Government's prior knowledge of the plot to assassinate Franz Ferdinand impossible. The Serbian Minister prefaces his remarks with the statement that 'the time has not yet come for telling all,' but then makes this astounding disclosure, which we quote from the translation of a *Manchester Guardian* correspondent: —

I do not recollect whether it was at the end of May or the beginning of June when one day M. Pashitch told us that certain persons were making ready to go to Serajevo to kill Franz Ferdinand, who was to be fêted there on Vidovdan. He worked further in this matter only with Stojan Protitch, then Minister of the Interior, but he told this much to us others.

Thus the whole Serb Cabinet was informed of the plot some three weeks before it was carried out.

As they told me afterward, this plot was prepared by a secretly organized circle of men and by the patriotic students of the Bosnian and Herzegovinian circles in Belgrade.

M. Pashitch and we others said, and Stojan agreed, that he should order the frontier guards on the Drin to stop the crossing over of the youths who had left Belgrade for the purpose.

But these frontier guards, too, belonged to the organization, and they did not execute Stojan's order, and, as he told afterward, said that the order had reached them too late, and the youths were already over the border. Thus failed the Government attempt to prevent the prepared attack.

The Government, had it wished to stop the crime, had only to telegraph at once to the Vienna and Serajevo police the names and descriptions of the criminals. But the Government did nothing.

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THE INTER-ALLIED DEBTS

A TRITE title, but a theme that comes closer to the pocket of the American citizen than any other on the European agenda. Proudhon well said: 'Man can be persuaded to die for his neighbor, but not to work for him.' Winston

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Churchill, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, half-American and half-British by blood, and possibly for that reason more British than the pure-bred Englishman, set the ball rolling when he gave notice in Parliament last month that if France paid what she owed the United States she must also settle her account with his country. Immediately the press of Europe, which is constantly coquetting with this theme, was astir. We all know the argument of France, that the war expenses of the Allies should be pooled, at least so far as they are represented by formally acknowledged obligations. The debtor nations see a conflict between equity and justice in the claim that they should stand by their I. O. U.'s to us and to each other. *Le Progrès Civique*, an ardent supporter of Herriot, says that in this case legality becomes injustice — *le suprême droit serait en l'espèce la suprême injustice*. *L'Écho de Paris*, one of the bitterest opponents of the present Cabinet, chimes in: —

Neither America nor England ever sent us a single million in gold. Their advances represent sums paid by them to their own people for sending us coal at from 160 to 450 francs a ton delivered, and iron at from 350 to 850 francs a ton, at a time when these prices paid the producers and carriers of those commodities profits of 50 to 70 per cent. . . . We may say that every time that England or America billed us a million francs' worth of iron or coal, they immediately put half of that sum into their own pockets.

Le Temps points out that while France owes the United States nearly four billion dollars, embracing both her public and her commercial debt, and owes 623,000,000 pounds sterling to England, she loaned nearly 800,000,000 pounds sterling to other Allies during the war, for which she should be given credit in a general settlement.

Turning to Swiss opinion, a writer in *Journal de Genève* says: 'Two things are certain with regard to the Allied debts. The first is that it is impossible to pay them, the second that it is impossible to annul them.' This journal analyzes the debt of France to the United States as follows:

She borrowed $611,000,000 from the United States before that country entered the war. She bought from its Government war materials and other property left behind in France for $400,000,000. Neither of these two obligations was incurred specifically in a common cause. Even of the four billion dollars that represent war debts proper a large part was expended for purchasing provisions and raw materials not necessary for the conduct of the war. These are purely commercial obligations.

The same journal then proceeds to point out that the debt is owed eventually to the citizens of the United States who loaned to their own Government the sums it advanced to France, and that it is very hard to convince the private citizen that he is under any obligation to forgive a legal debt. *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* quotes with approval, as do several other Continental papers, Lloyd George's effusive statements during the war to the effect that the financial resources of the Allies must be pooled for a common cause.

A leading Italian paper, *Corriere della Sera*, stresses the familiar argument that Italy can only pay her obligations to the United States by an excess of direct or indirect exports to our country; that no amount of diplomatic negotiations or financial legerdemain can supersede this simple economic fact. Good will and honest intentions count for nothing unless the physical possibility of payment exists. On the other hand, Attilo Cabiati, discussing the same theme in *La Stampa*, disposes one by one of the objections current in Italy against payment, and endorses

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the solution proposed by a Genoa banker, that the debt to us be scaled down one half, and that the reduced principal be paid by assigning to our country Italy's Reparations receipts from Germany under the Dawes Plan, and an additional sum from the public revenues sufficient to cancel it in fifteen years.

The correspondent in the *Westminster Gazette* thus defends France from the charge that she is not taxing herself adequately:—

There is no doubt that the French peasant, who is the owner of the land he cultivates, is quite well off; he has security for the future, and he realizes good prices for his crops. He is very independent, and does himself well in his own fashion. He works hard, because he works for himself. All that does not mean that his taxpaying power is great — far from it; and his margin is not large. The only taxation he meets is indirect taxation, over which he has no control. It would be as difficult for the French income-tax collector to get any money out of him as it would be for his English colleague here to collect anything from the average British workman. Instead of being concentrated in big cities, as is the case in England, factories are spread all over the country in France, and a certain percentage of the workingmen are also cultivators. The same remarks which applied to the peasantry are also applicable to such factory workers.

France's pre-war well-to-do classes, which as in every country bear the brunt of taxation, are not prosperous. They lost tremendously through the insolvency of Russia and other creditors to whom they had made large loans before the war. They have been hard hit, like all other recipients of fixed incomes, by the depreciation of the franc, which has reduced correspondingly the interest they receive on national bonds, mortgages, and industrial securities purchased before the decline set in. The British taxpayer has several other points in his favor: —

While the British railways are paying quite fair dividends, the French railways are working at a loss, and the deficit so far has been met by the State. The Indian railways give very good returns to the British shareholders, while the Algerian railways do not pay at all. Steam navigation companies' dividends are conspicuous by their absence, and people interested in newspapers are not getting much return either. French banks and insurance companies have large holdings of Government paper, which they could not realize.

In Great Britain we have an enormous amount of money invested all over the world; thousands of people in the country are living on incomes they receive from investments in public utility and other companies operating abroad, banks doing business overseas, mines, tea, rubber, and so forth. All this constitutes our invisible exports, which not only pay partly for the foodstuffs and raw material we have to buy abroad, but enable us to save yearly a considerable amount, which is available for further financing the world, and thereby increase our wealth.

A writer in the Conservative *Saturday Review*, commenting upon Mr. Churchill's statement on the war debt, mentioned at the beginning of this article, commended his mild rebuke to Sir John Simon for his overstatement of the British taxpayer's burden, by 'a thousand million pounds,' and thus cheerfully envisages the fiscal future of the Government: —

The Reparations problem has taught us that the fact of a settlement is much more important than its terms. The really essential terms of a settlement are the goodwill of its signatories. It may well be that when the world has consigned the exacerbating problem of the war debts to the chest where provisionally settled disputes are stored away, and spirits have received a further dose of calm, the world-expansion of wealth will proceed at a pace that will soon make our supposedly enormous milliards and billions look as foolishly diminutive as the figures of the Napoleonic era now appear to us. Perhaps not many years hence

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the question who is receiving and who paying out little sums like fifty millions yearly will be one of more historical than practical and economic significance.

*

SAMUEL GOMPERS

THE foreign press devoted much space to the death of Samuel Gompers, and its comment is very interesting as a measure of progress of thought upon Labor questions in Europe and America respectively. *Vossische Zeitung*, a Liberal bourgeois daily of Berlin, said: —

He was from the very beginning of his career an opponent of all social radicalism. . . . Men will probably say that he died at the right moment. The mighty wave of progressivism that he tried to sweep back with his broom is constantly rising higher, and would doubtless have borne him off his feet in spite of his strong will and superior intelligence. Gompers succumbed to the fault of many strong personalities in failing to understand the spirit of his time and in imagining that he singly was strong enough to bid defiance to that spirit.

The *Manchester Guardian* added to its account of his place in the Labor movement the following thumb-nail portrait of the man: —

The workings of Mr. Gompers's mind were slow, and it was once said of him that he went out on a new idea as cautiously as an elephant going over a new bridge. No one, however, could doubt his sincerity or his devotion to the Labor cause, which he illustrated by his refusal of several lucrative political appointments. He was a little man of about five feet four, but with a burly frame and a massive head. His half-closed eyes helped to give him a somewhat Oriental appearance. At every opportunity he smoked cigars, whose perfume, when contrasted with the neatness of their wrappers, suggested that his eye was more highly cultivated than his taste.

Luis Araquistain, writing in *El Sol* of Madrid, dwelt at great length upon the ramifications of the departed Labor leader's heredity and environment as factors in his personal influence upon the Labor movement, and concluded: —

Gompers symbolized the past — a kind of Labor Liberalism, or Liberal Laborism, that to-day deceives but few. The new men who will succeed him must come armed with new ideas. The American Federation of Labor will either experience a spiritual rebirth or it will dissolve into new and more up-to-date bodies.

The *Nation and the Athenæum*, under the title 'The Labor Tsar,' characterized Gompers as 'An American institution embodying something so remote from our facts and notions that to the English politician or trade-unionist he might well seem almost unimaginable.' He was a 'small, masterful, and extraordinarily tenacious' man whose view of American society 'had been formed before the growth of trusts and before the coming of the immigrant multitudes.' Although an immigrant himself, he never envisaged the European immigrant as a vital part of the American social scheme. He stood for the dominant class of American-born workers in the skilled trades. 'The Washington State Department itself was less implacable than he toward the suggestion of any kind of relations with the Soviets, while English Tories are more understanding of the Independent Labor Party than he could ever have become.'

The *New Statesman* appraised Gompers in much the same terms. Its three-column article upon his life and work closed as follows: —

One need say nothing upon the irony of the circumstance that the American Federation of Labor is by title an international body. Its remarkable architect was born in East London and belonged to the race that is international by tradition and suffering. In England, at the close of the war, he furnished our people with a surprising illustra-

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tion of the shaping force of environment. He was as American as Senator Lodge.

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A POLITICAL TUG OF WAR IN GERMANY

At the moment of writing Germany is still without a Cabinet. Since February 1919, when Scheidemann, the first Social-Democratic Chancellor, took office, that country had had ten ministries, of which the first three were Socialist; the second three, beginning with the Fehrenbach Ministry in June 1920, were Clerical; the seventh, under Cuno, was a Cabinet of experts; and the last three, commencing with the Stresemann Cabinet of August 1923, have been Liberal bourgeois politically, but have owed their tenure to Conservative-Socialist support. Stresemann, who is accused of playing personal politics in the hope of emerging on top in the present crisis, is the leader of the German Peoples' Party, which is a Conservative industrial group, though with somewhat Liberal doctrinal leanings.

As the public has been abundantly informed, the last German elections were inconclusive, not because the voters kept away from the polls, but because public opinion has not swung strongly to either side. In a general way, the anti-Republican Parties, the champions of the 'Black, Red, and Gold' banner, lost ground, and Republican champions of the 'Black, White, and Red' flag made gains, but the margin is a narrow one — 13,892,101 votes for the Republic against 13,009,422 votes for a monarchy, or 232 mandates against 216 in the Reichstag. Some 85 per cent of the voters went to the polls, and as under Germany's system of proportional representation the size of the Reichstag increases or diminishes with the number of ballots cast — one seat to every 60,000 votes — the number of members in the new body is 21 more than in the last. The Republican Parties gained 39 seats, the Monarchist Parties three seats, while the Communist and Fascisti lost 21 seats as compared with the elections last May. One interesting feature of the polling was that the women, who turned out heavily, voted largely for the monarchy and against the Socialists.

The Social-Democratic Party polled nearly 1,700,000 votes more than any of its rivals, and has the strongest single delegation in the Reichstag. At the election for the Prussian Landtag, which occurred simultaneously with the national elections, the Social Democrats also had the largest popular vote and elected the largest number of representatives, but they were followed closely by the German Nationalists, whose candidates received 4,363,000 votes as compared with their 4,522,000. The heavy Communist losses are explained by *Die Rote Fahne*, the organ of that Party, as due to police persecution and to the 'undeniable fact that the humbug propaganda for the Dawes Plan has converted not only a large part of the petty bourgeoisie but also a large part of the working classes.'

Stresemann's attempt to form a Conservative Cabinet was defeated by the resistance of the Clericals, who, contrary to the prediction of political prophets, have remained true to their old alliance with the Centre and the Moderate Left.

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MINOR NOTES

Radič, the Croat peasant leader who is now reported to have been arrested by the Yugoslav Government, appears — if we may trust to sensational documents published by the Belgrade Government daily *Politika* — to have entered into an agreement with the Moscow or Communist International to start a Bolshevist revolution in Croatia

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not later than the end of January 1925. The same paper publishes other documents relating to an alleged secret treaty between Hungary and Soviet Russia in which the former country obligates itself to invade Rumania in case of a war between Russia and the latter country, and to give support to a Croat revolution. Such alleged secret documents, especially when they reach us through the political press, are to be accepted with great reserve. Our readers may recall that even as authoritative a paper as the *Berliner Tageblatt* was 'taken in' by an alleged transcript of a secret treaty between France and Czechoslovakia less than a year ago.

THE report of the delegation of British Trade-Unionists that has recently toured Soviet Russia on behalf of the General Council of the Trade-Union Congress has been received with no little interest and a liberal volley of caustic comment in Great Britain. The Tory *Morning Post* says: 'Our British mugs were shepherded through the country and had no more idea of the true feelings of the Russian people and the real conditions of Russian life than a trainload of bullocks have of England in their journey from their pastures up to Smithfield market'; while the *Manchester Guardian*, ordinarily very tolerant of the Bolsheviki and their works, describes the report as 'one of the most eulogistic documents of its kind since the Israelite delegation reported to Joshua upon the amenities of the Promised Land.' The *Saturday Review*, which sits on the same political bench with the *Morning Post*, reviews the preliminary 'ad interim' report under the title 'A Cooked Tour,' with more sobriety and restraint than the caption suggests. It contrasts Emma Goldman's brilliant indictment of Soviet Russia with the assumed enthusiastic findings of the English Unionists, and recognizes as 'undoubtedly true' the latter's statement that 'the social, industrial, and economic conditions of Russia have enormously improved since the visit of the British delegation in 1920.'

MUSSOLINI'S CHANGING FACE

Ladies and gentlemen, this time I show you my true countenance.
—*Travaso*

THE AUTO-DA-FÉ

Trotskii's books have been put in the *Index Expurgatorius* by the Bolsheviki. — *Nebelspalter*

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THE FRANCO-AMERICAN DEBT

From the *Outlook, December* 13
(London Independent Weekly)

We British are a phlegmatic people, and an oversensitiveness to the behavior of our friends is certainly not one of our characteristic failings. But there comes a point at which even the most phlegmatic rebel, and the suggestion that the French may obtain a more favorable settlement of their debt to America than we did has provoked a feeling of universal indignation, not aloud perhaps, but very deep indeed. It will be very unfortunate, however, if, in the midst of this resentment, the true significance of the negotiations at Washington is allowed to pass unheeded. It is extremely unlikely that the French will get what they are asking for — the American is not quite so soft-hearted in business negotiations as he is on one of those specially conducted tours of the devastated regions which they manage so well in France. But even if they did secure more favorable terms than ourselves, it would be of minor importance. Our terms are settled; and, though we do not pretend that we do not find them hard, it would ill become us to grumble. At least, we lost no dignity in obtaining them.

The true significance of this development is the indication it affords of the attitude to us of our late ally. There can be no mistake about that after this incident. For four years the French have declared that any repayment of their debts was impossible. Any reference to it on our part was regarded as a breach of good manners — a crude display of bad taste, only pardonable because we were shopkeepers. A more sensitive people, a people expert in the finesse of true friendship, recollecting how France had suffered, would have acted differently, we were told. They would have realized immediately that, though nothing could be nearer to her heart than full repayment of all her obligations, yet in her present circumstances she *could* not pay. True magnanimity, of course, would have canceled the debt, but, if such a gesture were not prompted by spontaneous feeling, it should never be said that it was suggested.

Now we have no ill-will toward the French, though, being trained in a less histrionic tradition, we confess we sometimes find their rhetoric a little oppressive, their protestations a little hollow. But we do not think that, after recent events in Washington, the most bigoted Francophile will be able to plead that this sort of thing has any substance in it. The blunt fact is, that it suits French convenience to settle their American indebtedness, and accordingly, though the French budgetary situation is just as unsatisfactory as it ever was, an attempt is being made to settle it. It does not suit French convenience to settle their indebtedness to us, and accordingly no attempt is being made to settle it. We count just as much and just as little to French policy as any other Power that can serve her interest.

So be it, then. It is better that it should be. Henceforward we can discount the rhetoric at its proper value. Henceforward our relations can be conducted on a strictly business basis. If we had been a little more of what the French accused us of being, we should not have been so disil-

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lusioned now. But better late than never. We hope that Mr. Chamberlain will lose no time in making it quite clear to M. Herriot that the English taxpayers need the interest on their money just as much as the Americans, and they have just as little intention of forgoing it. British credit may not be quite so urgent a necessity to France as American credit, but it is still sufficiently urgent for us to be able to make our voice heard if we want to. There is no sufficient reason why we should not use this power.

For the moment, however, the next move is with America. It is on the American sense of fairness that the immediate developments depend. We indicated above that we think it unlikely that France will be accorded preferential treatment. We think it equally unlikely that France will be able to arrange an independent settlement. We do not believe that responsible opinion in America would tolerate it. It was one thing to extract full payment of the British debt. That, after all, was a mere business arrangement between debtor and creditor. It is quite another thing to exact repayment at the expense of a more needy creditor. We refuse to believe that the average American wishes to be relieved of taxation by this means. There is something in the suggestion which is contrary to all business fairness. If France cannot pay us both, then she is bankrupt, and must be treated accordingly. But in winding up a bankrupt's estate you do not pay the wealthier creditors first — you make a proportionate division. And it is on these business lines that we hope and believe that the question will be settled. If France is really willing to pay, and is not merely preparing the way for more emergency loans to support her tottering currency, well and good. But equity demands that she should pay all her creditors, that some arrangement should be made whereby what payments she can make shall be divided between them in some sort of proportion to her indebtedness to them. And it is to some arrangement of this sort that we believe America with her sense of business fairness will lead the way.

But all this demands consultation and discussion. You cannot reach delicate financial agreements at a moment's notice. Moreover the question is wider than this. Sooner or later, not only France, but Italy, will have to fund her indebtedness. And, once the payment of interest begins, there will have to be an international clearing machinery. It is here that America could be of real assistance. The practice of conferences for particular purposes is well established in the tradition of American diplomacy. With the putting into force of the London Agreement the whole question of interallied debt is ripe for consideration. The Dawes report and the Washington Conference are two unique contributions which the United States has already made to the world's settlement. Will she not place us still further in her debt by summoning an international financial conference, at which this further hindrance to reconstruction could be soberly and frankly debated?

It is President Coolidge's great opportunity. Will he justify our great expectations?

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TEACHERS AS STATESMEN

BY H. G. WELLS

From the *Torchbearer, June*
(BIRMINGHAM EDUCATIONAL QUARTERLY)

[THE address reprinted below was delivered by Mr. H. G. Wells before the Incorporated Association of Assistant Masters, not long after the publication of his life of Sanderson of Oundle, *The Story of a Great Schoolmaster*:]

I WANT to talk about the schoolmaster's place in the world. I want to suggest that you are the most important people in the whole civilized community. The schoolmaster's place is not only important, but supremely important. That is my thesis. I want to put it with boldness, shamelessness, arrogance, and aggression. I want to suggest that they should up and take hold of the world. I shall tell you nothing new if I betray a consciousness that arrogance in taking hold of the world is not a characteristic of all schools. It is extraordinary what a lot of schoolmasters seem to be unconscious, not of the importance, but of the range of their functions. They do not seem to realize that the world is a going concern. They think it is a finished thing, in which they have a very subordinate and unimportant part.

I had a curious experience of that two weeks ago in Paris. I went in a mood of curiosity to see a performance of *Peer Gynt*, as I was anxious to see what the French mind would make of the Scandinavian play. Soon there was a most violent tumult behind me, and I found an Englishman in trouble with the obliging lady who shows you to your seats. I assisted him, and explained to him what *pourboire* means. We became friendly, and I discovered that he knew nothing about Ibsen, and that he was a good deal puzzled by *Peer Gynt*. Occasionally he would communicate with me about moral and other difficulties raised by the scenes. I found that he was the headmaster of a quite successful secondary school in this country, and I gathered from him that he was in Paris to improve his accent, and that he was doing it to the best of his ability.

There was another thing he had been doing to improve his accent; he had been eating snails. They produced a real but quite transitory improvement in his vowel sounds. The extraordinary thing to me was that he should give that as the reason for being in Paris — with all the diverse world of Paris flowing past him, full of the most interesting things. There was nothing, however, in Paris which interested him so much as his vowel-sounds.

Now, mind you, this was the master of a successful English School, and a man who produced extraordinarily good results in matriculation, college of preceptors' examinations, and all the other things. It struck me that this concentration on the accent was quite typical of the schoolmaster's specialization. It was all of a piece with the specialization which makes schools refuse books and insist upon textbooks. It was an example of the way in which so many of the realities of life are excluded from the school, while there is a specialized treatment

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of some subsidiary and, removed from its principal material, unimportant accessory of education. I have a couple of sons who are very fond of mountaineering and winter sports in Switzerland, and they tell me that they find an enormous preponderance of schoolmasters. Last summer I was in Berlin, Prague, Amsterdam, and Paris, where all sorts of profoundly important things were happening, and I met no schoolmasters. Of course you will find them in Rome, or in Greece. You find there teachers of classics visiting their familiar quotations.

[Mr. Wells said that he felt apologetic and disinclined to preach to teachers, because after becoming a schoolmaster himself he had run away. He 'got scared' to find himself an assistant master and at the same time intensely interested in all sorts of religious and social problems. 'I realized that if I did not get out of this profession it would fling me out, so I went where the work was easier and conditions of employment were better.']

Still, believe me, I did that with a great deal of regret, and I never lost my interest in this tremendous thing that I touched in those days — the business of education. Now that my interest has been restored and intensified by having children of my own I feel that I am disqualified from preaching to schoolmasters.

The trouble is not only that the schoolmaster has to deal with intractable material, but he has to deal with extraordinarily stupid parents and obstructionist education authorities whenever he tries to put forward any new ideas. There is no profession in which freedom is more important. The man who is not free has lost a certain amount of self-respect, confidence, and efficiency. Every teacher suffers from a constant want of resources, material or moral.

I have rarely blamed schoolmasters for the faults of education, and when I have seemed to do so, always I have written afterward most apologetically. It is a sense of my own disqualification that has made me hang on in the last few years to the work and example of that very great teacher indeed, Sanderson of the Oundle School.

I was recently contributing some articles to Mr. Brailsford's *New Leader*, and he said, 'Why don't you give your own views on education instead of all this quoting and interpreting of Sanderson?' And I pointed out to him that what I had to say was said in ignorance of all the snags that lie in wait for any unqualified man in the world of education. But Sanderson *knew*. If I said something was possible I had nothing to prove it, but if he said so he had a life's success behind him to sustain its possibility. So I put it to you as a thing that Sanderson believed in firmly, that the teacher has to be the very soul and centre of a reconstructed human life — nothing less than that. Only by and through the teachers — the heroic teachers of the world, not all the teachers — will it be possible to conceive of any escape from the distressful, unsatisfactory life that mankind lives to-day. Sanderson in his vision of the world saw every village centre as a school, and grouped round it would be a little museum, an art collection, a cinema theatre, and an ordinary theatre, maintaining the unity and mental activity of that community. And in every town and city, in addition to subsidiary schools, he saw the whole modern community dominated by a great group of buildings — theatres, museums, display places, university colleges, and the city schools. That is a vision of the modern state, or the city that is to be in the near future.

I am reminded of a little-read book, but a very interesting one, of Henry

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James's — *America Revisited*. After living in Europe about thirty years he went back to America, and the thing that struck him most about the American towns and cities was that they had no centre at all. His eyes had become accustomed to your elder European cities, with the cathedral, the town hall, and the court, and the whole structure, the life of the city, around that centre.

Well, I do not think that the world will ever build cathedrals again, and it has come almost to the end of courts; but if the new communities are to draw together round some centre, that centre will be the educational centre. That was Sanderson's idea. Thus Sanderson became to an extraordinary degree the propagandist of a new social order, in which coöperation and the spirit of service took the place of competition and the individual struggle for individual distinction.

The 'schoolmaster statesman' is a new combination of words; he represents one who is of the type of Sanderson of Oundle, to whom the idea of the war was intolerable unless he could see it in terms of social rebirth and the new social spirit of coöperation and service.

As one who believes in the possibility of a new and better human organization than this one, I think that any nobler State of the future presupposes such an education as Sanderson mapped out.

MASTERS OF SPAIN

BY V. BLASCO-IBAÑEZ

From the *Labour Magazine, December*
(London Communist Monthly)

Twenty-five years ago there were two Spains: a traditional Spain and a liberal Spain. The former was enamored of the glories of the past, the latter wanted to adopt bold innovations. Each, however, had its ideal, and was prepared to die in order to realize it. Alfonso XIII and his mother turned Spain into a cynically materialist country, which thinks only of enjoyment, believes in nothing, hopes nothing, and accepts all the indignities imposed on it by the régime.

Thanks to the Bourbon monarchy, the country of Don Quixote has become the country of Sancho Panza, greedy, cowardly, servile, incapable of any idea outside of sensual pleasure.

The wealthy classes are cruel through fear — the worst kind of cruelty. They are afraid of bestirring themselves or of changing their attitude even when they know that such a change would be good for the country. They brutally proclaim their sympathy for the 'big stick' system, and are in favor of all solutions which permit of gunfire as a preliminary measure. The working masses on their part give proof of a taste for violence more marked than in any other country. Every time that they have demon-

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strated their desires the answer has been to shoot them down in the streets. As the worker has no means of fighting the military, who hold all the weapons of death in their hand, he has recourse to criminal attempts. In short, social struggles which take place in other countries in a more or less extenuated form have in Spain, thanks to the good offices of the monarchy, more the character of a merciless war.

In fifty years the kings of Spain have created no schools; they have done nothing for the intellectual advance of the nation. The Spanish people is commended by them for its most barbarous traditions. Secular defects are praised by the sovereigns as a magnificent national patrimony. Ferdinand VII, Isabella II, Alfonso XII, and his son Alfonso XIII have adopted the speech and gestures of bullfighters and Madrid street-urchins, being of opinion that such manners have something purely Spanish about them. Men who show a culture in harmony with that of other nations are treated as bad patriots and xenophiles.

The existence of Alfonso XIII had become well-nigh impossible owing to the pernicious régime instituted by him. On the one hand separatism threatened him, on the other social war. No less disquieting was the weakness of the rulers, who deserved rather to be called 'non-rulers.' This, again, is the consequence of manœuvres by the King and the result of those intrigues of which he is so fond. In the time of Alfonso XIII and of the Queen Regent there were only two ruling parties — the Liberals and the Conservatives, led respectively by Canovas and Sagasta. These two parties were in power alternately, which was a somewhat ridiculous comedy; but as there were only two statesmen to the fore they inspired the sovereigns with a certain amount of respect, and when they acted together it was easy to impose their will upon the royal family and its entourage. Alfonso XIII, desiring to be an absolute monarch and to overthrow the constitutional monarchy, took up the line of splitting and dividing the two parties. By his intrigues and lies he succeeded in setting lieutenants against leaders, he rewarded traitors, he supported dissidents, and made each of them the leader of a group to which he promised power. He succeeded in breaking up the two old parties into a dozen new ones, thus carrying out the maxim, 'Divide to rule.'

The result of this policy of division is that for years no party has been strong enough to maintain itself in power. The Cabinets which have succeeded one another have had but one thought — to defend themselves against their adversaries. Their first preoccupation has been to keep in office, and the method they most frequently employed in order to do so was to obey the suggestions of the King.

A country morally corrupted by its monarchy, agitated by separatist movements, badly governed by Ministries whose one thought is to assure their own existence, follows inevitably the path leading to destruction. The monarchy has become the victim of its own schemes. Dismayed by the social struggles, it has attempted to find a remedy in a military dictatorship which at the same time facilitated its autocratic inclinations. This very monarchy, which is responsible for the national malady, has pretended to cure it by a brutal military intervention.

The fatal and corrupting influence which the Spanish Bourbons have exercised upon the whole nation has also made itself felt on the army. During the nineteenth century the Spanish army frequently intervened in political life — now in a Liberal, now in a reactionary direction. Yet even in these

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insurrections the army gave proof of a certain idealism. Alfonso XIII and his mother before him have killed the spirit of the old army. They have transformed the soldiers into a band of bourgeoisie, whose sole concern is to profit financially by their profession.

The reader has of course heard of the 'military juntas' which were formed in Spain in 1919. These juntas were simply soviets, but soviets of men in uniform composed only of soldiers from second lieutenants to colonels. These 'caste' soviets were copies — in a retrograde fashion — of the Russian ones.

We have already said that the monarchy's one thought was to flatter the army, to model it in its likeness so as to be sure of its support. Having realized that it was indispensable to the monarchy, the army first of all demanded, through its juntas, increase of pay and exorbitant privileges, and ended by forming, within the nation itself, a class apart, with special laws, which made its position unassailable. In Spain you may discuss anything, even the existence of the Deity; but anyone who discusses the act of a soldier at once goes to prison, and is arraigned before a court-martial.

When the leaders fully realized their power their pride became such that the juntas discussed matters with the King, and imposed their will upon him. But Alfonso XIII, who looked upon the army as a creation of his family, put up with these arrogant demands, which he thought would be only temporary; he believed that by governing with the military he would be far more master of the country than when he was surrounded by civilians.

For four years he prepared the *coup de force* which has suppressed the constitutional régime and set up a military régime. With the imprudence which characterizes him, the King was incapable of keeping his secret. In 1922, at the end of a banquet in Cordoba, Alfonzo XIII let his tongue run away with him. There was nothing extraordinary about that, since there is plenty of Montilla wine at Cordoba, which makes one cast prudence to the winds by the time dessert has arrived. Alfonso XIII, who is an inexperienced speaker, spoke bitterly of his position as a constitutional monarch, and let it be understood that he would presently become absolute master of Spain.

The military juntas also wanted power. According to them the Morocco disasters were attributable to Ministries formed of 'civilians.' Thus for the military as well as for the King the politicians were to be scapegoats. These statesmen were responsible for all the evils from which the country was suffering. An era of success would begin on the day on which the King and a dozen generals governed Spain according to their own sweet will, and the army would win victories every twenty-four hours.

At first the soldiers transformed into politicians thought of appointing as dictator General Aguilera who was then President of the Supreme Tribunal of War and of the Navy. General Aguilera is a less ridiculous and more honest individual than Primo de Rivera. But one evening a violent discussion broke out in the Spanish Senate between the civilians and the military. General Aguilera declared that the honor of a soldier was worth more than the honor of a civilian, and M. Sanchez Guerra, ex-President of the Council of Ministers, a Conservative with an irritable temper, replied by giving him two resounding blows to show that a civilian is just as much a man as a soldier is.

There was a great scandal in Parliament, explanations and all the rest of it, but Aguilera — a soldier with a

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brilliant reputation — had been struck twice all the same. In view of this incident no one could reasonably think of this general in connection with the dictatorship. How could fear be inspired by a warrior who had been cuffed by a lawyer?

The King then thought of Primo de Rivera, a general despised for his private life, and little loved in the army owing to the swiftness of his upward career, but who was a captain-general in Catalonia. Of all generals in the Spanish Army Primo de Rivera was certainly the least suitable to represent a sound 'moral' revolution. For more than thirty years, when the Spaniards have wished to give an example of amazing favoritism and scandalous nepotism, they have named Miguelito Primo de Rivera. They still call him Miguelito (Little Michael). In fact, although he has become a lieutenant-general, and is arbitrarily governing the whole of Spain, imposing his will on the King himself, he is still Miguelito; his character has not changed since he was a simple lieutenant.

He is the nephew of Marshal Primo de Rivera, who betrayed the revolutionary Government of 1874 and restored the Bourbon dynasty. This marshal, who has no children, concentrated his affection on Miguelito, and used his influence to promote the young man so as to continue the glorious family traditions.

There has seldom been so rapid a career. His rise may be compared to that of generals of the first French Republic and of Napoleon. Every gesture he made was heroic. He was to be found wherever there was a war in Spain. Twenty-four hours after he came on the scene he did something extraordinary every time, comparable only with the exploits of the Cid. He could not draw his sword without getting some advance in rank or some ribbon for heroism. His uncle sent him to Cuba to gain a few ribbons, and when it was not decent to ask for more for him he sent him to the Philippines to reap a fresh harvest. He became a general when scarcely more than thirty, and was the youngest general in the Spanish army.

He never commanded an army. He made his début as General-in-Chief as President of the Supreme Council, surrounded by comrades no less decorated than himself. Their fine hats did not save them from the shame of being defeated by Abd Krim, who had taught them Arabic, and been their boon companion when he lived in Melilla as an employee of the Spanish Government.

Primo de Rivera is no less interesting as a private individual than as a hero. He was born in Jerez, and has the prolixity of the South. His facility of speech might be useful if it had been wedded to real intelligence. But Miguelito is a sort of first cousin to Alfonso XIII; he thinks he knows everything, and that he came into the world to solve the most complicated problems by hackneyed phrases.

Beneath his general's uniform he has the extravagant eloquence of a Figaro, who while shaving his customers reforms a government.

After the *coup d'état* in Barcelona, which led to the downfall of the constitutional monarchy, Miguelito, the barber, dressed up as a general, easily discovered the programme which would arouse enthusiasm among the crowd.

'The King,' he said, 'is a great man, almost as great, almost as honest, almost as pure as myself. All the politicians who have governed hitherto are a band of robbers. I will unmask them and put them in prison.'

And having made this solemn promise, the Messiah of the monarchy marched on Madrid to purify Spain.

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URBAN VIGNETTES

I. MONTMARTRE, THE CONTRAST WITHIN PARIS

BY FINN HOFFMANN

From *Berlingske Tidende, September* 28
(Danish Conservative Daily)

For us Northerners few words have the same vague and legendary sound as the name Montmartre — the Mountain of Pain. It makes us think of Apaches with red handkerchiefs, murders, love scenes, and marital jealousy. Mystery stories come to mind and our eyes brighten with expectancy when adventures from its top are related. Almost numberless things have been written about this hill, at the foot of which Paris unfolds itself with its boulevards and squares, its white palaces and picturesque old houses along narrow streets. Recently a Swedish author, Ivan Bjärne, has written a novel, called *The Girl from Montmartre*, and more of the same kind is coming, for the old artist and Apache quarter still has an alluring and intoxicating power over many minds. As the lighthouse attracts birds, so Montmartre appeals to tourists.

Two things characterize the modern Montmartre: the old, narrow, dark alleys with their deep shadows, and the open, wide streets where a thousand searchlights pierce the air and where saxophones roar in the night. Mixed with their forest notes, as in a jungle concert, are the melodious bird-tones of Suwannee flutes.

There are still two contrasting sides to this 'Hill of Agony' — the picturesque original old houses, and the big modern structures which unfortunately are spreading more and more. Land is expensive on Montmartre, and therefore buildings have to extend up into the air. The Americanization of Montmartre approaches completion. Where life is really 'gay' one can easily imagine oneself transported to almost any other amusement place in the world. And yet, though one does not find it especially Parisian there, one hardly escapes a whiff of Paris.

On rue Pigalle, or more accurately, on Place Pigalle, there passes, when Paris itself is quiet, an endless procession of people: *Filles* and *Alphonsos*,— street-walkers and panderers, — roysterers and fakirs, runners for this and that place, and finally the great throng of curious tourists who want to look on and 'do' Paris at night. Here automobiles rush back and forth unceasingly, and their signals merge with the chauffeurs' hoarse and peremptory shouts to the pedestrians into a discordant roar which makes the air vibrate as though charged with electricity or high explosives. Street women with white cheeks and red lips, exuding an odor of musk and other heavy perfumes, meander back and forth with bold, bright eyes and the eternal smile on their lips.

They form the permanent picture in the street panorama as well as in the dance hall scenes. No matter where they are, they smoke continually. Like long-legged birds they skip gracefully from bar to dance hall . . . and

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toward morning, when day is breaking, they may be seen back at their bar, drinking a hot cup of coffee and eating a *croissant* while with their hardened eyes they glance over the fresh, ink-smelling pages of the morning paper. . . . But now their faces look ashen and tired, and daylight reveals thick layers of powder and rouge for which the bright arc light made such a merciful frame.

It is significant that many of these unattached birds, rovers in the night, speak more or less English, and it is startling to encounter hussies who use a language that is a mixture of Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian. Ah yes, the blond men of the North still make shore raids — but in the swirling night-life of Montmartre.

All night there is dancing at Place Pigalle. Where rue Pigalle runs into the square one corner is occupied by 'The Dead Rat' and the other by 'The Rat That's Not Dead.' The name 'The Dead Rat' is legendary. Many years ago when it was a modest little café, where painters and poets took their meals and drank their absinthe, it happened one day, so the story goes, that an artist named Willette said for fun that a rat had fallen into the soup-kettle, so that they had eaten rat soup. The patron began to scold and bluster, demanding to be shown the rat. After that his place became known as '*Le Rat Mort*,' and Willette, who later through his pictures has reproduced Montmartre better than anyone else, may with justice claim to have originated the queerest name for an amusement place on the 'Hill of Pain.' There are other names of the same kind, — 'The Red Mill,' 'Heaven,' 'Hell,' 'Paradise,' — where the dancers move in the *douce* glow of multicolored projectors, and 'The Black Cat,' a cabaret show where the climax is a film shown behind bolted doors. Its character is such that one must blush at having seen it. Montmartre is a place where you learn to shudder.

All the dance palaces and big restaurants have 'runners' out to drum up customers, and they have doormen wearing resplendent uniforms. One place has a Cossack in fur coat, long boots, and a belt with cartridges — a stupid make-up; another has a husky Negro with a drooping lower jaw. In his red uniform he feels like a king, and 'bosses' the chauffeurs majestically, part of his job being to call taxicabs for the American ladies and gentlemen. In general these door-men are insolent, but otherwise harmless.

Much worse are the agents for secret clubs and dives that cannot stand daylight. These are the dangerous places of Montmartre, and the places the police watch most closely. In them cocaine is indulged in, and in them a degenerate clientele lives for a while at a senseless pace. It is composed of people from America and England who constitute an underworld of destruction, an inferno, against which the police are helpless. Visitors to Montmartre have to exercise the greatest care. The bare mention of cocaine may lead to an arrest by one of the many detectives who, in disguise, skulk everywhere.

Behind this brilliant and dazzling amusement-centre lies a region of crooked old streets. In one of them lives Père Frédéric, whose small, tobacco-smelling public house is decorated with paintings and crucifixes cut in wood. Here young artists sing, play, or recite. It was here that Herman Wildenvey one evening, in a moment of inspiration, jumped up and repeated verses in his native melodious Norwegian, until men and women became silent and listened to their royal melody.

Sometimes a night-prowler may stop outside, listening through the illumined

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but diminutive windowpanes of this squat, rectangular stone house, which, with its silhouette effect against a deep-blue sky, suggests a piece of theatrical scenery. . . . The street winds upward, and the wanderer may continue his way over the uneven paving-stones. In its steeper parts it becomes a cement stairway, which leads still further upward, away from the noises of Place Pigalle and toward solitude and calm. The houses stand black and drooping, with blinking windowpanes. Here and there a subdued violin tune filters from a barroom.

On the crest of the hill stands Sacré Cœur. In form it is unbeautiful, but now, with its white stone walls and towers shining moonlight pale in the dark night, it appears like a castle of adventure. There is something phantomlike about Sacré Cœur at night. Its outlines flicker until it becomes a brilliant sanctuary of God, in which the stars are reflected and eternity seems near. Time stands still.

Nor is symbolism lacking. Here stands Sacré Cœur like an aspiration toward the Eternal, and over there, like a pendant, the slim steel spire of the Eiffel Tower—another aspiration. Both mount guard over Paris, but it is two different periods they represent: the past with its church, and the present, a mechanical age, with its daring steel constructions. But both watch over the sleeping city.

In the middle distance the Champs Élysées stretches its arc lights like bright stones in a pearl band, reaching from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe, where, on the Unknown Soldier's grave, the eternal flame is burning. The streets resound now and then with the signals of a passing automobile. The rubber tires whir against the asphalt, but up here it sounds only like another note in the song of night.

My eyes once more catch the Eiffel Tower, whence radio waves are streaming forth, and it occurs to me that here on the top of Montmartre I stand midway between a new and an old era.

> The church is an ancient house;
> It stands though its steeples fall.

No, the steeples do not fall. They project over Sacré Cœur like two gigantic white onions. But the power of the church is broken. Modern France has reared its temple of steel and iron on the Champs de Mars, whence a new age is proclaimed over the trackless ways of the ether.

As Montmartre always exhibits a double nature, it also gives my thoughts two directions: Modern France and Roman Catholic France, two distinct worlds, both in attitude toward life and in mode of thought.

This is what distinguishes Montmartre. It has room at the same time for both God and the Devil. The path of penitence, from Place Pigalle to Sacré Cœur, is not long. Simultaneously Montmartre is both commonplace and impressive — an everyday affair, and yet something rare and beautiful. It has to be experienced.

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II. BERLIN UNDER THE RENTENMARK

BY H. W.

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning, September 27*
(SWEDISH LIBERAL DAILY)

Is this really Berlin — the same Berlin which only a year ago was a foreign colony, where inflation tourists from everywhere rolled in billions, champagne, and fur coats? I refuse to believe it. We must have caught the wrong train, or have got off at the wrong station.

While Paris has had the Olympic Games and London the Wembley Exposition, Berlin has had nothing to offer this year — not even a depreciated currency.

One almost has to smile these days when one is compelled to rush in at Wertheim's to buy an alarm clock, an automobile, a package of pipe-cleaners, or whatever else may be classed as a necessity of life. Payment is demanded in real money, in good *rentenmarks*, which in value show a terrifying similarity to ordinary Swedish *kroner*, the highest currency in Europe. My poor Danish colleague, who used to be a millionaire and to keep a big 'salon' on the city's finest street only a year ago, to-day has to pay a *riksdaler* for a drink of beer — twice what it costs him in Copenhagen. The little money-exchanges on the street-corners have become candy shops or radio stores — mostly radio stores. Naturally I have a set myself. For ten marks one can get a first-class crystal 'detector.' A telephone receiver and half a yard of copper wire to be wound about the gas jet complete the outfit. It functions irreproachably.

Radio is the new craze here, and it has arrived most opportunely. Theatres and similar amusement places one simply cannot afford to frequent. Komische Oper has just 'reduced' all orchestra seats to an even fifteen marks 'to make the best places cheap.' A simple lunch in a decent place costs five marks. At the Hiller — well, if one does n't pull oneself together and turn around at the door, it is best to wire for financial reënforcements at once. The tablecloth costs money; the plates, the knife, the fork, everything is charged extra. The wine is expensive, and, in addition, heavily taxed. The service costs *zuschlag*, and yet one gives a tip, if one does n't know any better. The final sum is amazing.

An ordinary foreign visitor has to forego extravagances nowadays. The fur collar, the broad-checked silk socks which I so wanted to get, so as to be able to appear at ease among the other 'swells' on Kürfurstendamm, must wait. And here in this very town exchange tourists rolled around only last year without making a dent in their travel funds, no matter how much 'foam' they bought for the little dames from Friedrichstrasse.

No wonder one is undisturbed by his fellow countrymen here. And yet Berlin has its appeal, these fall days.

From the balcony of the Foreign Press Club on Budapester Strasse I have the finest view over the garden of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

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The autumnal sky arches high over the yellow trees. The gray Junker machine buzzing up there has a long way yet to the ceiling. Though Berlin has grown up to become the second city in Europe, it still retains some clear blue sky, reflected in the resplendent asphalt pavements. And does any city have such clean polished streets as Berlin? Nothing but shiny floors. Heavy motor-cars with mighty flat-iron-shaped radiators, Benz, Mercédès, even Steyrs, seem to suck themselves forward in long lines over this ideal course, surrounded by swarms of little Mathis and Opels — yes, even the French Citröens. At the wheels sit ladies too young for the general safety, made up like wax dolls and wrapped in marvels of satin coats. The Ford, Detroit U.S.A. brand, which elsewhere is not exactly unknown, is here conspicuous for its absence. For those interested in automobiles this is perhaps the most surprising feature of the street scenes in Berlin. The Germans are afraid of letting this familiar American article enter the country, and for easily understood reasons. Consequently the average German knows hardly more about a Ford than did the man who was hailed on the road by the desperate driver of a broken-down sample of the output: —

'Do you know anything about this car?'

'Well, yes, I remember a few stories.'

But automobile riding is the last thing a foreigner can afford in this city. The taxicab meters spin with fantastic speed. It costs you about a mark to the next corner, two to the one after that, three to the following one, and so forth. It is enough to make you lose your breath, to implore the driver to stop and to hand over to him the rest of your possessions. The remainder of the journey you make in a bus which, with a thunderous rumble and terrible bumping, rushes through the streets, spreading fear and terror and crushing everything in its path.

There are also trolley-cars available, and if you take a seat near the rear you may escape with nothing worse than a nervous shock. As a rule there is a collision at the next crossing. Usually five passengers are injured — three of them seriously. The trip is apt to be a bit *Deutsch* and rough, and you have to hold on tight. But the experience only costs fifteen *pfennig*. If promptly treated at the hospital you may be able to ride home on the same transfer-ticket, which is good for a whole hour.

There is still another possibility — the horse cabs. That they should still be preferred in Berlin may be called an irony of fate. They are not fast, but cheaper than the ridiculously expensive taxicabs; and the pavements are excellent. You may ride for hours without hearing anything but the thuds of the hoofs and the coachman's odd encouragements to his indifferent old nag. Stone pavements seem to be unknown in the centre of Berlin, as well as in the endless new *Westen*. Everywhere the shiny, even asphalt.

Did you ask the driver before starting if he had any change? That was foolish, because he is always short of small coins. No *Kleingeld*, no, not a penny. And not a body in sight who can break a dirty one-mark bill. Of course, it has to be left 'until next time.'

And the cab-drivers have no reason to boast of their earnings; the taxicab men still less so. Their vehicles may stand idle half the time. The rates are simply too insanely high. People prefer to take their chances in trolley-cars.

But otherwise the Berliners do not turn their new bank-notes over so very many times. With the best will in the

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world, one could hardly read signs of want on the surface of the street life. The people are well dressed, often elegantly; the women gowned tiptop, *à la dernier cri de Paris*. In the beer-halls one beaker follows another with the old German *schwung*. One sees nowhere near as many beggars as in London, for instance. Amusement places once more appeal with brilliant lights. *On s'amuse à Berlin*. Things seem to be getting back into their old ruts.

Who will deny that appearances have some significance? Yet who imagines that, because want is not crying aloud in the streets, the Dawes Plan has been inaugurated and that the millennium has come? Once in a while a chance incident proves the contrary.

One day I stood at the Brandenburger Tor, waiting for the bus. An aged, distinguished-looking gentleman approached with faltering steps, supported by a cane. His clothes were neat, but did not otherwise correspond to his fine bearing. He was an example of an officer of the old school. I could hardly believe my eyes when he stretched out his hand. It contained a couple of match boxes.

'*Streichhölzer?*'

It was impossible to refrain from remarking: —

'But you look like an officer.'

He straightened up a bit.

'*Bin ich auch, mein Herr.* Don't you want to buy a box?'

Such things one remembers.

But now fall has come, that is plain. The leaves rustle on the sidewalks and dance in swirls outside the Hotel Adlon, where American tourists and also a few Englishmen pass in and out, disappearing in the bar inside or else up the 'Linden.' Americans there are in Berlin, as well as in all other places in Europe. They are here to see how the poor old continent is getting on and to rejoice over their own advantages.

But my friends from Sweden are absent. They have been in India, in Burma, and in Palestine — that is to say, at Wembley. They have sipped Amer Picon at the Café de la Paix in Paris, or danced the shimmy at Place Pigalle or the Moulin Rouge. But in Berlin they have, at most, spent a night at the Baltic or Nordland and have then taken a taxi (not knowing the cost) to the Stettiner Bahnhof. And the customs inspectors at Sassnitz have found in their baggage only silk stockings from the Louvre, or Bon Marché, and shoes from Oxford Street. There have been no furs from Leipzigerstrasse to declare this year.

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ALIEN LONDON

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

From the *Times*, *November* 27, 28, *December* 2, 4, 8
(London Independent Conservative Daily)

From Westminster to Aldgate East is a bare thirteen minutes by the District Railway; but that brief journey transports you from quarters which are so essentially English that the stray foreigner passes unnoticed, in the crowd of Londoners whose dress and speech and faces you take for granted, to the clamorous outskirts of a strange and alien city. As you look out into Aldgate you feel that, if the background of stone and brick is essentially the same, the human foreground has altogether changed. There are foreign names over three shops out of five, foreign faces predominate among the swarms who hurry by; here and there a poster, across which run those strangely picturesque Hebrew characters which one instinctively associates with astrologers, magicians, and other mysterious people, or a foreign echo in the speech of the passers-by tells you that you are entering an Eastern stronghold.

Stand at the station entrance and watch and listen. You may hear Russian or Polish spoken; you will hear that strange language of the Jewish proletariat of Eastern Europe, a corruption of the German of Frankfort, half drawled, half chanted, mingled with Hebrew words and written in Hebrew characters, which some call 'Jargon' and others 'Yiddish.' There is still an obvious Gentile minority about Aldgate, clerks from City houses, railway men and others employed on the Tube, at the Fenchurch Street Terminus and at Liverpool Street Station, and the people who bring up goods from the nearest docks, but within a furlong of Aldgate in almost any direction the native Christian population dwindles into insignificance the moment you leave the main roads. It makes no difference whether you go north through Goulston Street, where a multitude of Jewish bookmakers dwell in alleged affluence, into Wentworth Street, and then turn into Middlesex Street, which the world knows much better as Petticoat Lane, or whether you strike east along Whitechapel High Street and Whitechapel Road and turn off into Fieldgate Street and Plumber's Row, or fare southwards into Goodman's Fields. Everywhere you are in an East-European ghetto, mainly inhabited by unnaturalized or recently naturalized Judæo-Slavs who are in most respects as alien to the scattered British Jews who dwell among them as they are to us.

Petticoat Lane on a Sunday morning is regarded by many Londoners as a typically Jewish street-market, and it is true that all the vendors and many of the buyers are Jews. But it is less foreign than it looks; many of the salesmen are Jewish Cockneys whose families have lived for generations in the land and are no more typical of the unassimilated mass of the Whitechapel ghettos than are the Gentile sightseers who walk down the market in their Sunday best and, buffeted by the eddies of a close-packed crowd, invite the attentions of the ambulant pickpocket. Far more characteristic are Hessel Street and the market in the

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long court which runs parallel to it. It is easily reached, for it is the last turning on the south side of the Commercial Road, before you come to Cannon Street Road. Here you are in a Jewish lane in Odessa or the ghetto of a Galician town. Barrows and covered booths almost block the street and the court; behind them are open shop-fronts. Stout women, all but the elder ones bareheaded, with luxuriant crops of hair, chaffer and bargain excitedly over garments, eatables, and every sort of portable object, from photograph frames to accordions and from powder-puffs to candlesticks, with equally voluble vendors. Almost all the expressive gestures of the bazaars of the Near East may be studied here: the deprecatory smile as the would-be purchaser suggests a modest reduction of twenty-five per cent in the selling price, the ingratiating smiles of the portly housewives who are sure Mr. Kaplan the fish-hawker and Mr. Glinsky who sells fruit will make a further reduction for such good clients, the agony on the faces of Messrs. Kaplan and Glinsky as, *duplices tendens ad sidera palmas*, each calls high heaven to witness that he will infallibly be ruined if he bates his price by one farthing, and the sudden and consciously dramatic relaxation of tension on the faces of all concerned as the bargain at last is struck. Some of the vendors, whether itinerant hawkers or the permanent traders in the street, doubtless speak good English, but you may visit it again and again without hearing a word of our language from any adult except the policeman on his beat.

Here, if anywhere, you can study Eastern Jewish social and ethnic types from the well-dressed *petite bourgeoise* in hat and furs who comes down to make a good bargain and goes carefully from stall to stall examining the scraggy fowls and the amazing variety of fish, pike and carp among them as well as all the sea-fish that the West End knows, and some that it does not know, and the wild-looking, beshawled, mop-headed Russian Jewess. Ethnically some of these people strike you at once as Jewish, but they vary in features and coloring as well as in dress; blond and blue-eyed men and women, whose complexions at least seem ultra-'Nordic,' mingle with the red heads and the broad-faced, black-haired folk who form the majority. In their features, though not in expression, many of these dark Jews so resemble a whiter edition of the more hook-nosed varieties of the Tatars and Turks that one wonders whether there may not be good grounds for the theory — which should comfort Western Hebrews who are horrified by the misdeeds of Bolshevist Jews — that most of the Ashkenazi Jews of Eastern Europe are not Semites at all, but descendants of Turki, Slav, and Khazar proselytes.

There are other aliens in the East End — a number of Italians, though these are more frequent in Soho; a dwindling colony of Polish and Lithuanian Catholics, the latter with strange names such as Galvanauskas or Pranaitis, who may be found in Planet Street and Winterton Street; and the Lascar, Chinese, and African sailors whom one finds about the Docks. Owing to recent legislation, which insists on the maintenance of a certain proportion of British seamen on ships flying the Red Ensign, this colored floating population cannot always get afloat as rapidly as in the past, and hangs about the waterside looking miserably cold, and occasionally indulging in a little peddling. The Chinese, some of whom have married British women, occupy Penningfields Street, where you can buy excellent litchis and, if you are bold enough, strange fruits tinned at Macao, from Cantonese shopkeepers.

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Opium dens seem to have been stamped out for the moment, but the Chinaman is often a cocaine-smuggler, and nothing will prevent him from playing forbidden games of skill and chance whenever he can. But he and the brown and black people of the Docks are mere spectacular incidents in the life of East London; the real alien problem there, so far as there is a problem, is presented by the backward and apparently unassimilable element among the East European Jews, whose tendency to overcrowd and all-too-frequent neglect of decency and hygiene react unfavorably in this period of houselessness and bad trade upon the more progressive and decent working-class folk, whether Jews or Gentiles, who cannot find work or homes elsewhere than among them.

In 1881, when the first influx of Russian Jews fled to England from the Pale, East London, especially the quarters near the eastern boundary of the City, contained a long-established and greatly Anglicized Jewish community, which, though not inconsiderable in numbers, was a negligible quantity by comparison with the surrounding Christian population. Evidence of the vast increase of the Jewish element owing to the foreign invasion may be found in the numbers of Jewish in-patients treated annually in the London Hospital. In 1870 there were 190 Jewish in-patients treated annually in the London Hospital; in 1903 there were 1541 — a more than eightfold increase in little more than a generation. Last year there were 1973 out of a total of nearly 18,000 in-patients. There can be no doubt that the invaders, thanks to the unreflecting liberalism and *laissez faire* of those days, degraded the local standard of living in many quarters. It is true that if some of the newcomers were by no means moral paragons, their vices were less blatant and dangerous than those of the drunken and criminal native population whom they gradually ousted from such plague spots as Matilda Street and Ship Alley. But they also drove out many respectable British working-class folk from what had been decent if poor quarters.

Housing conditions, which had improved by 1914, have deteriorated since the war. There has been little new house-building for ten years, and many blocks have been and are being pulled down to make room for warehouses and markets. The unemployed poor cannot afford to migrate; the bad landlord continues to allow the alien to crowd into insanitary houses, which the Health Inspectors dare not condemn because they know that the inhabitants have nowhere else to live. This state of affairs favors the more squalid type of alien Jew accustomed to Polish or Ukrainian slums, but is bitterly resented by the more decent inhabitants, British or foreign, because it imposes a handicap on cleanliness and thrift and is too often fatal to the physique and morals of their children. There is now a good deal of juvenile immorality among the aliens, whose children are physically more precocious than the British, and it is disquieting to learn that overcrowding is lowering the age of puberty among British children in some areas.

Though there are a certain number of Jewish 'jobbers' in the East End, the great majority of the Eastern Jews are tailors, dress-and mantle-makers, cigar-makers, cabinetmakers, bootmakers, and furriers. Hawking fruit, fish, and vegetables is a speculative pursuit which attracts both British and alien Jews of the poorer class. The Jewish hawker's enterprise is as remarkable as his knowledge of the market. To judge by shop names a large proportion of the Jewish retailers are of recent alien origin. Shopkeeping suits them, and they are masters of window-

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dressing, besides being attentive to the customer. A good many public houses are now owned and managed by Jews. On the other hand, the railway men, car men, — in fact practically all the transport workers,— are British, as are the dock laborers of the Port of London. There are a certain number of Jewish electrical engineers, but speaking generally, mechanical engineering, most forms of metal work, transport, and heavy manual labor are in non-Jewish hands.

Jewish labor presents several distinctive features. Though many Jews now work in large factories, they seem to prefer the small workshop managed by a master of their own persuasion who works with the men and women whom he employs. This is especially the case in the cheap-furniture and cheap-tailoring industries. While high-class tailoring remains in British hands, between the big West End tailor and the factory which turns out ready-made clothes there are a multitude of small tailors who cut clothes to measure for their customers, but send the cut stuff by the 'tailor's trotter' to be sewn, pressed, machined, lined, and so forth, by the small Jewish masters in the East End and their male and female employees. In many cases the master cannot afford a workshop and uses one of the rooms in his house for that purpose, thereby adding to the pressure on the remaining space. Much work is done at home by the men and women whom he employs, with the same result. One has the impression that the Jewish workman, though generally nowadays a Laborite and often a very 'Red' Socialist into the bargain, is at heart a *petit bourgeois* whose great ambition is to become a master himself.

Meanwhile he is thrifty, sober, and persistent, though he is said by the British workingmen to be less capable of fighting a strike to a finish than the Irish and English. How far he is religious nowadays is a very moot point. One thing seems certain — namely, that the younger generation who grew up during the war have to a very large extent lost their religious belief. Liberal Jews ascribe this to the unsatisfying formalism of Conservative Judaism; Conservatives to Liberal and Gentile influences. It is generally agreed that the young people, whose parents deny them nothing, are far more determined to 'have a good time' than ever before. They spend far more money on clothes and amusements, and one is astonished to see lads in dress clothes and very well-turned-out young women emerging from the most unpromising-looking alleys on their way to a dancing-hall.

It might have been expected that the decay of ritual observance among the Jewish children of alien parents would have brought about a closer rapprochement between Jew and Christian in these quarters. It has not done so. For this many reasons are given. The writer believes that the westward movement of the English Jew and of the more adaptable settler has largely contributed to this by leaving the ghetto mainly in the possession of the less adaptable types. The fact that the Jew is so often a *petit bourgeois* by temperament probably makes it difficult for him, even when he has learned English well, to establish close relations with the British workman. The latter, as far as one can judge, has no animus whatever against the English Jew, whom he considers to be trustworthy, whose interest in sport, boxing included, he shares, who has acquired the camaraderie and cheerful humor of the Cockney, and fully appreciates the importance of the good old national custom of standing treat. The Easterner, temperamentally suspicious and intellectually disdainful of the Gentile, lacks the quality of comradeship and is

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not regarded as reliable even by his fellow trade-unionists. Marriage with the Gentile is forbidden by the Rabbis and is rare, as is concubinage with non-Jews even among the laxer Hebrews. This prevents assimilation.

The presence of an un-Anglicized or only partially Anglicized population of recent alien origin in the East End is a source of perpetual surprise to the West Enders who from time to time make voyages of discovery beyond Aldgate. Surprise often begets uncritical alarm, whence arise the rumors now so prevalent of an unrestricted influx of aliens who compete with the British workman. Facts do not support this legend.

A great deal of ignorance prevails as to the conditions under which alien labor is now imported into Great Britain. In no circumstances is an alien allowed to land in Great Britain to search for work. The would-be employer of an alien, whether he requires a French governess for his children, a German correspondent for his office, or a Dutch glassblower for his works, has first to obtain permission from the Minister of Labor. The Minister does not give the necessary permission until he is completely satisfied that the applicant has taken all possible steps to find labor in this country, that he will pay the alien no less wages than those usually received by British employees for similar work, that he is prepared to repatriate the alien if required so to do, and that no labor will be displaced by the engagement of the foreigner in question.

Many of the Jews, and the children of the Jews who have entered London from Eastern Europe since the beginning of this century, are supporters of the Labor Party, and usually call themselves Socialists. There are a fair number of Communists among them, who attack the 'official' Labor Party as ferociously as they inveigh against the capitalist. But, *pace* Mrs. Webster and other alarming writers, it is by no means certain that the Jew in this country, or any other where he has not been subjected to political or social disabilities, has any natural predisposition in favor of revolutionary or even evolutionary Socialism. Many students of conditions in East London believe that the 'Socialism' of both Jew and Gentile does not in the least represent any general acceptance of Marxian doctrines, but is a temporary phenomenon caused by bad housing, unemployment, and a very general disbelief in the promises of the *bourgeois* parties. The young Jew, they often tell you, being usually more intelligent than the local Gentile, more ambitious, and at the same time more high-strung, is less disposed to accept the thwarting of his ambition and the hard conditions of his life with the philosophy of his elders.

Violent crime is rare in the mainly Jewish quarters of the East End, and has decreased generally in that part of London, though Hoxton, which is only partly Jewish, has a bad reputation. On the other hand, the more recently arrived alien still has a bad name for untruthfulness and commercial dishonesty.

In any case, the most dangerous alien criminal is not as a rule the mean denizen of a slum but the bird of passage who can afford to travel first-class and take a comfortable flat or rooms in a good hotel while he stays in London to arrange some coup, ranging from a bold hotel robbery to the smuggling and placing of a consignment of cocaine, and gets away if he can before the hue and cry. The native exponent of the art which our fathers described as 'flat-catching' is reënforced in years like the present by American and Continental artists, who, to judge from the tales of

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victimization which find their way into the Press, must have done well, while Wembley drew its host of visitors from overseas, at the expense of many simpletons who did not complain to the police.

The Chinaman, when he takes to crime, generally cocaine-smuggling or the opening of a clandestine opium den, is resourceful and daring, but has not yet broken out in the grand style foreshadowed in Mr. Sax Rohmer's tales. There is a Negro colony near the Tottenham Court Road which gives the police some trouble, but many of its members claim to be British West Indians. The darker Asiatics, and for that matter the Chinese, occasionally use the knife in quarrels arising out of jealousy or gambling, but organized crime among lascars is unimportant. One particularly bad class of criminal, the foreign white-slave trafficker, has been smashed since 1914 by the Home Office, which has been greatly assisted in dealing with these pests by the Jewish Association for the Protection of Girls and Women. The alien political criminal has done nothing serious since the war, and the really desperate men of the type of the Lett Anarchists who committed the crimes which led to the 'Siege of Sidney Street' have probably been drawn away by the superior attractions of Bolshevist Russia. But some of the surviving Irish Republican gunmen were in London not so long ago.

For the alien of really bad political antecedents a close watch is kept, and the maintenance of the visa system is, in the words of the Home Secretary, 'a most important barrier' against the further entry of such people, which one hopes will not soon be removed.

It is not easy to arrive at the truth as to the degree and rapidity of the social and political assimilation of the Jewish immigrant from Eastern Europe, who belongs almost exclusively to the working class or to the very small bourgeoisie. At all events, other alien immigrants have not presented the same problem in London. The Italian, who usually belongs to much the same social stratum as the immigrant Jew, seldom desires to settle permanently in this country. He comes to better himself, and, this done, returns to Italy a fully developed *petit bourgeois*. The Catholic Poles and Lithuanians of the working class, who are fairly numerous on the Clyde, appear to be decreasing in London. The Belgian joiners and cabinetmakers who were imported in 1878 and subsequently seem to have been already absorbed. There are a certain number of Belgians, who came over as refugees in 1914, in the engineering trade, but they form a very small percentage of those thus employed. The Continentals other than the Italians and the Eastern Jews who have settled here in the last half-century have generally belonged to the middle and upper-middle classes. If Jews, as a fair proportion have been, they have been generally absorbed by the corresponding classes among the British Jews. The non-Jews have equally generally merged in a population with which they readily intermarry and which has the same interests and occupations, just as the much more numerous Flemings, Huguenots, and North Germans, whether Hanoverians or men of the King's German Legion, were quickly assimilated by the much smaller population of their day. The Russian refugee from Bolshevist misrule is not nearly so numerous in this country as he is in Germany, the Border States, or even France. As for the stray Asiatics or Africans, their numbers are so small and intermarriage with them is so rare that there cannot be said to be any real half-caste problem in the East End.

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'Take, for instance, fertilizer. We have ploughed our land perhaps a thousand years already, but not once have we applied fertilizer. No, we have n't. That 's why the crops do not grow any more.'

'How about manure?'

'How can we get manure? We have no wood. We use straw as a fuel in the winter, and in the spring we feed our straw roofs to the cattle, owing to the lack of forage. That 's why we lack power for fertilization of the land.'

'All right. According to your opinion you are right, but according to mine we ourselves are guilty,' said another peasant. 'For example, we had a redivision of communal land.'

'Yes, we had. What of that?'

'Did we accomplish anything by that redivision? Nothing. We only broadened the fields. The three-field system remained. We had fields seven miles from the village, and they are still there. Will the Devil fertilize them there? I ask. Supposing we had manure, who would be able to carry even one load of it to the field in a day?'

'Now the drought is upon us — that 's why our crops failed,' remarked a third peasant.

'Nothing of the kind!' heatedly contradicted Gavrilov. 'Can't you see yourselves how fine are the summer crops in the fields? The earliest-sown are good, the later-sown have burned, but the latest-sown are again good, though sown too late — the straw is sturdy but the grain is poor. And when did we plough our land? In May! And there, you see, is our drought!'

This argument appeared to be convincing. The summer crops were really good — bumper crops. The peasants began to talk of what to do for success in the future, and the talk unconsciously turned upon the Government.

'Well, if the Government were a good one, if it would come to us in the village and say: "Well, our dear peasant friends, do so and so; you have got to live a little bit better; let us decide how to establish ourselves"; if the Government would show us just how we should operate; for instance, if it would tell us that it is not convenient to plant fields seven miles away — then, perhaps, the village would have agreed to be divided into three parts, say of one hundred households each, and to build out. Accordingly we would have parceled the land, and would have introduced a system of rotation of crops. And besides, the Government might have shown us this or that machine, you know, and told us how to get and use it. Yes, if the Government would do this — that is, would help us in a real way, in a businesslike way, not by words and agitators — then one would see us on the move and doing real things!

'You see, we have here our chairman of the *Volispolkom* (executive committee of the township soviet). He is a good fellow, we have nothing bad to say of him. You come to him, and he receives you as if you were his brother; he explains everything to you, tells you all — in a word, blessed be his soul. Yet the situation is this: we see him only when we come to the township office. Now this is not enough for us. We need to talk with him about everything in our routine daily life, and in the office this is not possible. So you see, we are sitting here, talking and talking, without doing anything sensible, and our Government is sitting in the office, writing and sending papers to us. Talk with it sensibly, confidentially — that we can't!'

So for a long time the peasants talked about the negative and positive sides of the Soviet Government, when

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suddenly an accordion began to play in the village and the songs of the village girls were heard. This at once caused the talk to turn upon the problem of the village youth.

'In our village there are three hundred households, and in each there is one girl or one boy. In a word, we have a cloud of youthful souls. Now, if one should ask what we do to amuse our young people, the answer would be, "Nothing!" At evening they gather together, they play and sing, and then they go in pairs to walk outside the village. And now, is this not strange? It used to be considered shameful if a girl went walking alone with a boy; the entire village sneered and laughed at them. But now, do what you wish, it is just the opposite — it is considered shameful if a girl and a boy do not go walking together, for this would mean that the girl is neglected. And this change has taken place during the last five or six years only.

'Yes, it 's a bad thing that looseness has crept into our midst. The boys want to have sprees as they do in a city. If a boy goes to walk with a girl he often simply loses his mind and reserve. A doctor used to live not far from us. He saved many a girl. But now he is gone. Some girls do not know what to do.'

It was already quite dark when we turned homeward. On the tower of the small village church the bells were ringing dolefully.

'The priest is calling the dead to resurrection,' joked a peasant.

'How about religion in your village?' I asked.

'Well, nothing special. We get along all right. Our old women can't live without it, but would be just the same if there were no religion at all. Not long ago our village soviet decreed that rentals be collected from the priest for the house in which he lives. He appealed to us, and we said to him: "Well, Father, you collect from the living and the dead alike — pay your rent."'

'What if you should close your church?' I asked.

The peasants looked at each other, became silent, and then one answered: —

'No, there is no need to close it. It is not in anyone's way; let it exist; its closing would be a blunder. It 's a useless thing, and yet —'

Another peasant began to tell anecdotes about monks and nuns, priests and their wives, in order to divert the talk from the church, and one peasant remarked: —

'I listen to this talk and think: "It always happens that all talks end with stories about the priests — poor souls!"'

As we drew near home there appeared on the sky a red spot which rapidly broadened into the ominous reflection of a great fire. The peasants became attentive.

'The forester's crops are burning,' said a peasant in a matter-of-fact way.

'Why the forester's?'

'Because he gave his harvesting work to be done on a half basis by those who have plenty of hands and horses, not by the poor peasants. So perhaps the latter are now burning his crops.'

We looked long at the pillar of fire which was trembling and licking the dark sky.

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A WINTER NIGHT'S TALE

BY A. I. KUPRIN

From the *Revue Bleue*
(Nationalist Literary and Political Bimonthly)

There were four of us, chance companions, none acquainted with the others. We struck up a conversation by accident, as men are likely to do if they have to sit side by side in a railway compartment through the course of an interminable evening. The acrid gases of a cast-iron stove, the sinister glow, disturbingly yellow, which fell from two lanterns above, the wearisome, monotonous sound of the car wheels beating time dully to the dance of the man-shaped shadows, all tended to make conversation turn on the realms of the strange and the fantastic — stories of mysterious presentiments, of suicides or phantoms, most of them beyond explanation save by the intervention of supernatural forces, and in harmony with our mood. Each of us knew such a tale, whether by reading or by hearsay — every tale of different character, according to the character of the man or the circumstances of his daily life.

The first to speak was — if there is anything in appearances — a dealer in religious objects. Muffled in the depths of his cloak, which was of such a volume that it must once have belonged to the biggest bear that ever lived, he entertained us with tales of sacrilege, of violated tombs, of assassinated monks coming at midnight to demand burial for their bodies, and finally of a famous icon in Novgorod, representing a saint whose closed fist has opened little by little through the centuries and whose fingers, when at length they are fully unclasped, will herald the Day of Judgment. Another traveler, a medical student, discoursed of various subjects. I myself, unwilling to be out of it, adapted some of Edgar Allan Poe's imaginings to my audience and served them up without shame. The fourth traveler, a gentleman wrapped in a plaid and helmeted with a fur cap that buried him to the eyes, alone remained silent, showing his attention only by occasional monosyllables.

The train rushed on its way. The same shadows of various shapes danced in the interior of the car, which swayed with the same monotonous motion. A slender ribbon of snow, pale gray in color, scarcely lighted by our passage, and cut furtively from time to time by the black silhouette of a tree, unrolled behind the window. Beyond this ribbon the glance sank into the cold, appalling shadows where sky and plain were mingled, and where one could guess at an invisible storm. We looked at one another with our nerves on edge.

'Gentlemen,' said the man in the plaid, 'the stories that you have been telling are truly extraordinary. I have only one fault to find with them, and that is their lack of authenticity. Which of you, for example, can guarantee that all these things really occurred, that they are not the fruit of pure imagination? I, on the other hand, can tell you, if you wish, an adventure which really happened to me, and in the course of which, for a few moments, I really felt "the terror of the Beyond." The whole thing lasted five or six minutes. I know those minutes will

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forever constitute the chief event of my life, since it would be impossible for any man to endure twice an emotion like that.'

Seeing that we were immensely interested by this preamble, the gentleman began.

It was just ten years ago. At that time I was a customs officer in charge of merchandise at a railway junction near V——, a little frontier village. The customs station was located on a pier-head. Every night at six o'clock the guards, in my presence, closed it with a barrier, and from then on I could spend my time as I pleased. That is how I fell into the habit of going into the near-by railway station for the arrival of the evening mail train. The customs employees and the officers of the frontier guard all used to assemble there, and often you would find even the small landowners of the vicinity. The station was warm, lighted, relatively comfortable. Many even brought their wives and daughters. You could get supper in the buffet, talk and flirt, and play at cards.

About eleven o'clock two trains would pull in, the Austrian train and our own. The station would fill up suddenly with a cosmopolitan throng, hurried and bustling. Sometimes we might recognize a crown prince traveling incognito. We could watch him at his supper, and observe with delight that royalty possessed an appetite like ordinary mortals. Often there would be the spectacle of confiscated merchandise to divert us, for at that time smuggling had not become what it is to-day — a safe and easy business. Those were the happy days when at least one time in ten we would get a prize of the first value — the days that old employees, grown white in the service of the customs administration, still sigh to think of.

This little village was about four versts from the station, but you will understand why distance was no obstacle if you reflect that it offered no diversion beyond the company of a subofficer of police and a few postal officials sixty years old, rheumatic and unendurable.

So one evening, toward the end of November, having closed my barrier as usual, put things in order for the night, and changed my clothes, I left my office to go to the station. There were two roads leading thither — the first, long, through the village and a little hamlet near it; the second, not so long, a footpath rather than a road, which cut diagonally across an immense deserted plain and followed the railway embankment to the station. This was the route I usually took, and I took it on this particular evening as I did on all the others. It was about nine o'clock, and so dark that you could not see ten paces ahead of you. I felt my way along, trying to make out the path with my feet. At the place where the footpath commenced the snow had become more compact and squeaked underfoot.

I guided myself by the row of telegraph poles along the railroad. The wind howled dismally in the frost-covered wires, and the posts themselves hummed with a constant, uniform note that I could hear even before I could see them in the night. A squall of snow began, filling my eyes and blinding them with a powder, biting, impalpable, and icy. A vague uneasiness came over me. It was the same complex and curious feeling that I get sometimes in large open spaces, plains or public places, or very large rooms. I seemed to myself so petty, so insignificant compared with this steppe which was so appallingly immense, I felt as if I should never succeed in crossing it, and that the very soil would vanish beneath

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my feet. I turned around. Over there, in the distance, the dim lights of the village were still blinking, and a glance at them reassured me for a moment. Then suddenly the lights blinked out as I made my way into the vast plain.

There was nothing around me, nothing save a disturbing whirl of white. The place gave me an instinctive feeling of fear — why, I cannot say; but I felt constantly that unreasoning fear which, in the Homeric expression, 'takes by the hair.' And there was another curious thing: my mind, instead of seeking to grow calm, began to disturb itself still further by imagining a thousand sinister spectacles. I later learned that most nervous people, if not all, feel such unconscious fears in certain landscapes or certain localities.

As I have already said, I was moving in a whitish fog caused by the whirling snow. Now suddenly, straight before me, though at what seemed a fairly considerable distance, I observed a kind of dark, motionless spot. I stopped, holding my breath to listen better, but everything was quiet. The snowflakes brushed gently against my face. My heart was beating so hard it seemed it must be audible from one end of the plain to the other.

The Thing remained motionless all the time. I made a few steps forward. Immediately I found that the wall of the snow had deceived me as to the distance. Motionless and quiet, close to me, with his back against a telegraph pole, a man was sitting in the snow. He was dressed in a cloak which was entirely unbuttoned, so that you could see his chest. He had no hat. He sat bolt upright, his legs stretched out and crossed, his arms hanging down so that his hands sank into the snow. His head was turned slightly backward.

'Who are you?' I asked. My voice seemed distant and feeble as a murmur, the kind of voice that sick people hear in the minute that precedes a syncope.

There was no answer.

'Who are you?' I repeated. Nothing. 'He must have been frozen or murdered,' I thought, and the idea rather calmed me. The fear that pressed against my skull and ran in icy waves up and down my spine gave place to another feeling — the necessity of helping an unfortunate. I went up to the unknown man and looked at him. He had a long thin face, slender lips, a great hooked nose. A little goatee and long eyelashes completed a strange satyrlike face. Suddenly I saw — or thought that I saw — his eyes fixed on me. 'Why, he 's alive!' I thought; and in spite of my desire to help, the thought made me tremble. Fear began to get the better of me; my teeth chattered.

'Who are you?' I demanded for the third time, in a broken voice. I felt as though I had a bullet in my throat. My nerves had reached their limit. And then I noticed something: nowhere in the snow around the man was there any trace of footprints. Still the unknown said nothing, but looked at me fixedly, and then I understood that henceforth it would be impossible for me to break loose from that glance.

An indescribable, superhuman fear gripped my brain, my blood, and all my body. My fingers contracted. I kept looking at the man — I could not look away. How much time passed — seconds, minutes, hours perhaps — I did not know. Time seemed to stand still. Suddenly [here the voice of the speaker changed] suddenly I saw a dreadful thing. The unknown was obviously and without any doubt winking his left eye to me, a leering, demoniac sign, and his satyr's face instantly broke into a frightful grimace,

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an absurd, cynical mingling of laughter and of horror. Instantly I knew that my own face was repeating this monstrous grimace.

'You are the Devil!' I yelled, seized with madness; 'you are the Devil, that 's who you are!' And with all my strength I kicked him full in the face. He fell like a dead man, fell dully and all at once. I wanted to run. My legs, as if weighed down with lead, refused to work. It was a nightmare impression. I fell in my own turn, rose again, and finally fell, unable this time to get up.

'You are the Devil — the Devil — the Devil!'

Then I lost consciousness. I recovered my senses only some weeks later after a sickness of which I very nearly died.

The man in the plaid fell silent.

'Who was this unknown man?' asked the medical student after a little silence.

'All that was explained in the end,' replied the narrator. 'Earlier in the evening a certain Austrian merchant had taken the same route I took, to go to the station. On his way he had an attack of paralysis. He dragged himself to a telegraph post as well as he could, and there he sat, three-quarters frozen, so that he could move neither hand nor foot. They found him ten steps from me. We were both unconscious.

'That is the story,' added the man in the plaid, 'but I can never make you feel a hundredth part of all I have felt, and here is the proof of it.'

He lifted his fur cap. His hair was white as snow.

'The work of a single night!' he said, with a melancholy smile.

CROSS WORDS

BY ROBERT LYND

From the *New Statesman, December* 6
(London Radical-Liberal Weekly)

A friend who returned from the United States recently told me that, if you pay a visit to anybody in that country under the rank of President just now, the first thing he says to you after shaking hands is sure to be something like: 'By the way, can you tell me the name of a mythical bird in three letters ending in *j*?' At first I was reluctant to believe this about the citizens of a hard-headed and hospitable nation. But during the last few weeks the disease has spread to this side of the Atlantic, and in newspaper after newspaper you can now see what looks like a picture of a new kind of draughts-board or the sign-board of the Chequers Inn, with the squares very numerous and irregularly colored, and with mysterious numbers written in some of the white spaces. If you are wise you turn the page hurriedly and try to forget the passing follies of mankind in some engrossing

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story of blackmail with an Eastern prince as its hero. If you pause at the picture you are sure to get caught by the general infection, and you will find yourself working out a crossword puzzle with a deceptive and soothing sense of victory that is unworthy of one of the higher animals. It is very difficult not to be curious about a new fashion, but I think I should have had the strength of will to leave crossword puzzles alone if I had not gone into the country for the week-end and fallen into the debilitating company of nieces. On Sunday morning I had breakfast in bed. At least, I had breakfast brought to my bedside, where I left it to grow cold as a poor substitute for slumber. Half-asleep and half-awake, I lay there, too idle even to care what was in the Sunday papers and lazily listening to the charming November noises of the thrushes and starlings in the garden. Into this happy world I became suddenly aware of the intrusion of a human presence. A small voice, hesitating but hopeful, was asking, 'Are you asleep?' 'Yes,' I answered, not opening my eyes, 'I am sound asleep.' 'Aré you sure?' the voice persisted timidly. 'Quite sure,' I replied, keeping my eyes shut. 'Are you quite, quite sure?' The voice seemed to become a little despairing. I opened my eyes and, looking round, saw a small dark head projecting itself into the room through the quarter-open door. A small round face smiled. 'Oh, so you were n't asleep at all!' said Betty, coming into the room. It is no use arguing with a child of twelve, and, anyhow, the mischief was done, and I was now wide awake. 'Well,' said I, 'do you want me to get up? What time is it?' 'It 's nearly eleven,' said Betty, 'and you need n't get up. But can you tell me the name of a carplike fish in three letters?' If one were not accustomed to the strange ways of nieces, one would regard with considerable apprehension a question so extraordinary sprung upon one so suddenly so early in the morning by a child of twelve. Instead of concluding that the child was imbecile, however, I accepted her question as perfectly reasonable and assured her that I did not even know what a carplike fish was like and that the only fish I could think of in three letters was 'cod.' She ran over to the window and, putting her head out, called to her sister who was inspecting the bulbs in the garden: 'Ann.' 'Yes, what is it?' 'Could it be cod?' 'Could what be cod?' 'The carplike fish in three letters.' 'Don't be silly. A cod is n't a carplike fish. Besides it has to begin with *i* and end with *e*.' Betty withdrew her head from the window. 'Ann says,' she informed me, 'that the carplike fish begins with *i* and ends with *e*.' 'And it has to be in three letters?' 'Yes.' 'Then it 's perfectly simple. Get a dictionary, and look up the words ibe, ice, ide, ife, ige, ije, ike, ile, ime, ine, ipe, ire, ise, ite, ive, ixe, and ize. It 's sure to be one of them.' Betty hurried off and brought a huge dictionary. Together we conscientiously turned its pages, and I at least did not abandon hope till we came to 'ixe' and found that the word was not given. The more I bent my mind to the matter the more I became convinced of the existence of a carplike fish called the 'ixe,' and it was with a sense of bitter disillusionment that I looked at the place in the dictionary where the word ought to have been and failed to find it.

By this time, however, I was so hot on the chase that it was impossible to leave the matter where it stood. I sent Betty downstairs for the volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* with *CA* — on the cover, and poured myself out a cup of cold tea to wash the last traces of drowsiness from my brain.

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We opened the *Encyclopædia* at the word 'Carp,' and learned that the carp is 'the typical fish of a large family (*Cyprinidæ*) of Ostariophysi, as they have been called by M. Sagemehl, in which the air-bladder is connected with the ear by a chain of small bones (so-called Weberian ossicles)' — that 'the mouth is usually more or less protractile and always toothless; the lower pharyngeal bones, which are large and falciform, subparallel to the branchial arches, are provided with teeth, often large and highly specialized, in one, two, or three series (pharyngeal teeth), usually working against a horny plate attached to a vertical process of the basioccipital bone produced under the anterior vertebræ, mastication being performed in the gullet.' Thinking that I could not yet be fully awake, I poured myself out a second cup of tea, and handed the *Encyclopædia* over to Betty. 'You read,' I said to her. Whereupon she took the volume on her knee and read out slowly: —

The *Cyprinidæ* are divided into four sub-families: *Catostominæ* (mostly from North America, with a few species from China and Eastern Siberia), in which the maxillary bones take a share in the border of the mouth, and the pharyngeal teeth are very numerous and form a single, comblike series; *Cyprininæ*, the great bulk of the family, more or less conforming to the type of the carp; *Cobitidæ*, or loaches (Europe, Asia, Abyssinia), which are dealt with in a separate article (see LOACH); and the *Homalopterinæ* (China and south-eastern Asia), mountain forms allied to the loaches, with a quite rudimentary air-bladder.

'I think that 's enough, Betty,' I said gently. 'It 's quite obvious that there is n't any carp that can be spelled in three letters. Even the loach is five, and all the others are at least thirteen.' 'No, no,' protested Betty; 'listen to this,' and she read on: —

For descriptions of other Cyprinids than the carp, see GOLDFISH, BARBEL, GUDGEON, RUDD, ROACH, CHUB, DACE, MINNOW, TENCH, BREAM, BLEAK, BITTERLING, MAHSEER.

'Shall I bring up the rest of the *Encyclopædia*,' she asked hopefully, 'and look them all up?' I felt, however, that I had absorbed as much ichthyology as I could digest before dinner, and, saying that it was time to get up, sent her away with a recommendation to do the easy words in the puzzle first and leave the carplike fish to the end. As I went to the bathroom I could hear her calling out from a lower window: 'Ann, frozen confections in five letters?' It is not often that I enjoy shaving, but after the *Encyclopædia* the exercise seemed positively soothing. If ever I sang or whistled in the bathroom I should have sung and whistled that morning, so intense was the feeling of relief from mental torture. Alas! even in the bathroom I was not secure. While the tap was still running — the hot tap, for I am no Spartan — there was a knock on the door. 'Yes?' I cried, turning off the tap in order to be able to hear. 'Who,' called a well-known voice, 'was Abraham's nephew in three letters?' 'I don't know,' I shouted back; 'I did n't know Abraham had any nephews.' 'Was it Job?' asked the voice. 'No,' I called; 'I 'm sure it was n't Job. I don't think Job was anybody's nephew. Some people say he never even existed.' 'He did,' Betty called in answer, 'he 's in the Bible.' 'I know,' I said, 'but he was n't Abraham's nephew.' And I turned on the bath-water again. The bath was not yet full when there was another peremptory pounding on the door. 'Yes?' 'Do you think it was Lot?' 'I don't know. Was Lot Abraham's nephew?' 'I don't know. How can I find out?' 'Look it up in the Bible.' 'What part of the Bible is it

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in?' 'I don't know. Somewhere near the beginning. Turn over the pages till you see the word Abraham. Then find out if he had any brothers, and if any of them had a son in three letters.' Retreating footsteps, then silence, and the luxury of warm water flowing down the shoulders. Peace at last. Then another knock. 'Yes?' 'It *was* Lot.' 'Good. Who told you?' 'Mammy.' 'Are you sure she knows?' 'Well, anyhow, it fits. Do you know an island in the Ægean Sea in five letters?' 'I do. Several. Which one would you like?' 'One with O as the last letter but one.' 'All the islands in the Ægean Sea have O as the last letter but one.' 'Well, hurry up, and come down and help us.'

Seldom have I spent such a Sunday. We live in an age of restless intellectualism, of curiosity that does not pause even at the utmost star in space. But if the rising generation is to be brought up on crossword puzzles, it seems to me almost certain that in the next ten years the strain will become almost unbearable. Scarcely had we risen from the table when we were all sitting down to work at the accursed puzzle again, surrounded by Bibles, dictionaries, volumes of the *Encyclopædia*, an *Atlas*, Roget's *Thesaurus of the English Language*, and Walker's *Rhyming Dictionary*. Those Titanic minds which are accustomed to solve an acrostic every Sunday morning when they ought to be at church speak slightingly of crossword puzzles as something too easy for an adult brain. I confess, however, that this particular crossword puzzle was quite difficult enough for me, and that on the discovery of each new word I was as agreeably pleased with myself as if I had solved a syllable in the riddle of the Sphinx. Besides, it raised me greatly in the estimation of my nieces. 'Now,' Ann would cry, 'a legendary king of Britain in three letters.' 'Lud,' I replied promptly. 'But was there such a person — really?' 'There was. There 's a public house called after him in Ludgate Circus.' 'Oh, clever!' And she filled in the blanks in the puzzle with her triumphant pencil. Then I had to guess 'a woman of Troy' (which was easy), 'garments of Hindu women' (which turned out to be 'saris' and which took several minutes and a dictionary), and 'a Shakespearean character' in three letters, who was puzzling me long hours after the children had reluctantly gone to bed and is a mystery to me still. And so is the carplike fish. I dreamed about it at night. It had only one eye, and it kept opening and shutting its mouth at me in a horrible fashion, blowing out little bubbles, each containing a letter of the alphabet which I was unable to read. How happy we should be that none of these crazes lasts very long! All the same, what *is* a carplike fish in three letters? I give it up. But upon my soul, I wish I knew.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

AT ATHENS

BY H. D.

[*Adelphi*]

WHEN blight lay and the Persian like a scar,
and death was heavy on Athens, plague and war,
you gave me this bright garment and this ring;

I, who kept still of wisdom's meagre store
a few rare songs and some philosophizing,
offered you these, for I had nothing more;

that which both Athens and the Persian mocked
you took, as a cold famished bird takes grain
blown inland through darkness and withering rain.

A SIKH SONG

BY BTAI VIR SINGH

[*Nargas, Songs of a Sikh*]

'O FLOWER-GATHERER!' says the rose,
'Tear me not away from my parent-stem!
Linked with it, the life-sap of the infinite life flows through me.
I blossom and glow and perfume the very universe;
All that come hither may drink of joy from the fragrant scent of my soul.

'O flower-gatherer! why dost thou take me away, to have me all for thyself, thine only, denied to all others!
Ah! it will be so, it will be so — thou wilt have me all for thyself.
But thou wilt retain me for less than a twinkling of an eye.
And I, my perfume, my beauty, my soul, and all I am, will die.'

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ON BEING COLLECTED

POSTAGE stamps, butterflies, and successful authors have this in common: that they are all three collected. Whether the postage stamp genuinely prefers the sticky permanence of the album to the comfortable oblivion of the wastebasket, whether the butterfly really enjoys his involuntary immortality on a pin, are questions obviously beyond solution. But the author — ah the author! No question about the fun he gets out of being collected. If there is one thing each scribbler dreams about more than the chance of friendly reviews and the size of his next royalty check, it is the prospect of entering at last upon a collected edition.

Compared — as a subject of collection — with postage stamps and butterflies, the author occupies a favored position. A collected postage stamp is on a plane no whit higher than its uncollected brethren — rather lower indeed, for, being canceled, it cannot so much as carry a letter. A butterfly perched on a pin in a cabinet is clearly having a far duller time of it than his late companions, still disporting themselves in the fields. The butterfly and the postage stamp have not even the poor satisfaction of being where they are through any special merit of their own. They merely fill the gaps in a series that any items of the same issue or the same species would fill quite as well. Once collected, they cannot even be referred to as the 'works' of anybody. How natural, then, that the postage stamp should exhibit a surly indifference to being collected and that the butterfly should actively evade it.

Not so the author. A collected edition places a special cachet upon him. He is no longer one of the vast multitude — it includes pretty nearly everybody these days — of 'writers.' He has become more than one who 'writes.' He is one who has written. And what has he written?

Not ordinary books in all sorts of bindings or no bindings at all — the sort of thing statesmen and travelers, scientists, and ladies who keep diaries are perpetually turning out. And not mere magazine papers, either, which time will shove into the files next week. No sir! He has written works, — or rather, Works, — and they have been collected. Previously to this important event the author has regarded himself as a leading figure in the intellectual life of his time — an opinion that his wife may not have shared; but once a collected edition is off the press, he rather fancies he is getting to be a classic — or, to be strictly accurate once more, a Classic. This opinion his wife certainly will not share, though if she has all the discretion requisite in an author's helpmate she will not give utterance to the heresy.

As it is very pleasant to fancy oneself a Classic, hobnobbing on familiar terms with Euripides, Tolstoi, Voltaire, Cervantes, and Charles Lamb, what wonder that by the time he has written his second book — a potential Volume II in half-morocco, five dollars down and the balance at two dollars a month — every author is more willing than Barkis to be collected by any publisher who wants to collect him? Sometimes he does not even wait for volume two. Did not the brazen wag who has alternately startled and delighted London for close on thirty years solemnly dignify the first of all his books as *The Works of Max Beerbohm?*

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Shakespeare had been dead seven years before a couple of friends bestirred themselves to bring out a collected edition of him — which is now quite valuable. Ben Jonson, greatly daring, ventured to publish an edition of his *Works* while he was still alive — and encountered, for his pains, a mighty burst of ridicule from all Queen Bess's literary subjects.

Our own Anatole France died the other day as full of years and honors as he was of wit. He lived to take the Nobel Prize — though probably not to take it very seriously. He won election to the French Academy, and lived to shrug his shoulders at the other thirty-nine of the immortal forty — a height that few Academicians achieve. His *joie de vivre* was not very notably quenched when he was placed on the *Index Expurgatorius*. He even lived long enough to attain the questionable satisfaction of delivering an address at the dedication of his own statue — but even Anatole France did not live to see the twenty-five-volume collected edition of his works which is to appear this year.

Modern English writers fare somewhat better than Shakespeare, Jonson, and the great Parisian. Bernard Shaw — uncannily canny in this as in everything — publishes all his plays in the same binding, so that anyone may own a collected Shaw if he can afford to buy all the volumes. Thomas Hardy was collected long ago. So were Kipling and Conrad. So, at a far earlier age, was John Masefield. The Manaton edition of John Galsworthy is well under way. A collected Wells is imminent — and lucky will be the man who has shelf-space sufficient for it. Even Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, who has barely ceased to be 'one of the younger novelists,' — and that more on grounds of quality than of age, — is presently to appear complete in the 'Sussex Edition.' Many an American author is collected while he is still alive — but too often the path of this particular glory leads but to the magazine-subscription agent. On this side of the Atlantic the thing happens a little too often to be genuinely glorious.

The collected-edition habit is plainly growing — and the habit of buying collected editions must be growing, too, for publishers are shrewd gentry who do not fling forty-volume sets on the market for the sake of a *beau geste*. Yet it is hard to see just where the buyers come from. A man whose enthusiasm for a modern author is so boundless that he feels impelled to buy a complete edition of his works must have been a long time working up his enthusiasm; and it would be strange if in the process he had not acquired a heterogeneous assemblage of volumes from his idol's pen — or more likely, since we are talking of modern authors, from his idol's secretary's typewriter. What shall he do with these blessed battered old books? Send the old familiar bindings to the secondhand store for a new and unread set? It would be worse than selling an old pipe. Yet how else make room on library shelves which always contrive to be cluttered no matter how scanty the income that feeds them?

It is apparent that the irresistible force has met the immovable body at last, and to avoid the inconceivable rumpus which must proverbially ensue, the only safe course is to abandon the problem as insoluble.

*

BACK FROM THE ARCTIC

Captain Knud Rasmussen, the Danish explorer, has returned from Alaska and given out in Norway some details as to his three years' journey from Greenland to Bering Strait. The original object of his expedition was to continue straight across Northern Si-

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beria, but when he reached the coast the local Bolshevist authorities arrested and deported him. Long a student of the Eskimos and their life, he discovered an entirely new tribe, the Netsilic, who are still living in the Stone Age. As these Eskimos get their wives almost entirely by capture, they are extremely hostile to all strangers, whom they regard as either intruders seeking wives or avengers of the Netsilic tribe's own abductions. Rasmussen found parts of extreme North America where Amundsen's visit was still remembered, but to most of the younger Eskimos the coming of white men had already become almost a myth. He found inland tribes in Alaska with no knowledge of kayaks, the ordinary Eskimo skin-boat, although they still keep in touch with the coast by traveling up and down the rivers in skin boats of another sort. He had no difficulty with the language until he reached the Southern Yukon district, where he had to employ an interpreter.

Rasmussen's entire journey totaled 20,000 miles, and was carried out without the loss of a single dog. He returns with extensive ethnological, archæological, zoölogical, and botanical collections, not to speak of 25,000 feet of moving-picture film.

✽

TURKISH ENGLISH

Mr. E. H. Keeling, a British officer who was captured by the Turks during the World War, has written some lively reminiscences under the title *Adventures in Turkey and Russia*. One of the most entertaining bits in the book consists of extracts from the Turkish-prison commandant's daily bulletins to his English-officer prisoners, which were turned from Turkish into English by native interpreters. To quote: —

'It has been taken to my notice that English officers never stop kicking up a shinty in their rooms. Cards will be stopped. Let us not play cards or kick up any more shinty. You shall behave civilized. In future great supplies of liquor and cognac will not be drunk by our order as the floor of the house will go through. In which case the officers concerned cannot hold Turkish authorities responsible if they meet death. Also punishment must be given. Liquors will be drunk sufficiently and soberness will be kept.'

Again: 'Surely officers need not chivy "bints" in the bazaar, and officers educated in London could know better. Surely no hat or in the hand is not properly dressed.'

'Everybody is obliged neither to cook food nor to have any sort of fire in the rooms where they live and lie, as a very slight carelessness as regards fire, cleanliness, and neatness may be the cause of great dangers; it is desirable to act always with precaution and care. It is rather good to consider the heaviness of the legal penalty that may impend for a damage caused by a lack of precaution and care. If a fire starts it goes. Therefore, don't smoke in bedrooms for God sake.'

'Officers will always tidy the room. Why choose the pigsty? This is also a punishable affair. The chief cause of the uncleanliness are the dogs which many of you have procured. Moreover, these dogs show no capacity of receiving any training, because they are wild and ill-natured dogs, and only they are filthy to look at with the uncleanliness they cause. It is required to do away with these dogs beginning with to-day.' ('We ignored this,' comments Mr. Keeling, 'and kept not only dogs, but gamecocks, choughs, goats, and even a small bear.')

✽

CLUBS PRO AND CON

General Sir Ian Hamilton and Mr. G. K. Chesterton have had a passage at arms — a very mild one, be it said — on the subject of clubs. In a passage at arms one naturally expects a soldier to have the l st of it, but in this one Mr. Chesterton comes off fairly well.

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Not long ago, General Hamilton, in opening a British Legion Club, delivered himself upon the subjects of clubs in general: —

There are clubs and clubs in London; some I am proud to open, others I should be still prouder to shut down.

There are the night clubs. Festive places they are, with the furtive thought of a raid ever dangling like the sword of Damocles at the back of the minds of the drinkers. This applies to the dancers, those gay young sparks in plus five skirts, who imagine they are carrying on with an officer of the Dragoons in mufti, and may, for all they know, be twirling around a well-disguised officer of the law. They never know their luck; danger adds piquancy to their existence.

Other clubs, other manners, and some of the grandest are based on class-consciousness! From those clubs, may God preserve my few remaining gray hairs. Immaculate waiters gliding noiselessly over velvet-pile carpets, emptiness of rooms, vacancy of mind, dreariness, deadliness indescribable!

Upon this utterance, Mr. Chesterton alone of the English literary world saw fit to comment. Are the fashionable West End clubs really dull and class-conscious? Not so, quoth the rotund sage. 'My impression of the big West End clubs is that they are rather jolly in a solemn way.

I confess I feel nervous about giving my opinion on clubs, for the only club to which I belong I have never attended.

My knowledge of West End clubs has been gathered from visits as a guest. I don't altogether agree with Sir Ian's strictures.

You won't get more democratic clubs until you get a more democratic England. There is something in the English temperament that is suited by dull and exclusive clubs.

*

NIETZSCHE THE MUSICIAN

An enterprising German publisher has just brought out an edition of Nietzsche's songs. Nietzsche's songs! How difficult to picture the man who ever since 1914 has been represented as the ferocious inventor of the 'Blond Beast' as a writer of sentimental German *Lieder* on such subjects as *Die Junge Fischerin*. Nevertheless here they are, sixteen songs to the words of a bewildering array of poets, mainly German, but ranging from Pushkin, Nietzsche himself, and Byron, to Petöfi, the most famous of Hungarian poets.

The editor of the new collection, Herr Georg Göhler, is so ardent a Nietzschean that he suggests, in an introductory note, the advantages sundry modern composers might find in going to school — musically, mark you, not philosophically — to Nietzsche. 'Modern dabblers in all the arts might profitably find an example in Nietzsche, instead of overwhelming the world with outpourings of their cheapness and incapability.' But not many critics will be willing to share this enthusiasm, the more so since a letter from Hans von Bülow is still in existence acknowledging receipt of Nietzsche's piano composition for four hands, which he called 'Manfred-Meditation.' After an extremely polite and plainly hesitant introduction, in which von Bülow professes boundless admiration for Nietzsche's philosophy, the musician comes bluntly and brutally to the point thus: 'Your "Manfred-Meditation" is the most utterly extreme of fantastic extravaganzas, the most unpleasant and unmusical composition that I have faced in notes and upon paper for a long time. Still more, I must ask: Is the whole thing a joke? Have you perhaps intended a parody of so-called futurist music?' Von Bülow goes on in this vein, casually referring to 'the product of your musical fever' as at least showing traces of a 'distinguished mind,' and obviously endeavoring to let the famous philosopher down easily. His abiding distaste for Nietzsche's music, however, peers forth from every line.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Natural Man, by Patrick Miller. London: Grant Richards, 1924. 7*s*. 6*d*.

[J. B. Priestley in the *London Mercury*]

The Natural Man, the novel to which Mr. Grant Richards and his judges have given the first prize in a recent competition, is the first war-story I have read for some time, and it shows that the passage of years is bringing about a treatment of the subject at once more sane and more sensitive than any we have had hitherto. The first war-stories were a mixture of crude adventure-tales and patriotic rant: war, this war at any rate, was a glorious adventure; the Allied soldiers were all brave fellows, the enemy troops were all cowardly dogs; there was no life like a soldier's, with a Victoria Cross and the hand of a pretty hospital nurse as a double reward at the end of it. Then came disillusion. We were promptly shown sensitive young men dragged from their charming studios, their editions de luxe and sets of Japanese prints, and plunged into mud and blood; and the army in actual combat was shown to be nothing but obscenity and slaughter, and out of it nothing but a stupid farce. As rewards for heroes, Victoria Crosses went out of fashion and courts-martial came in.

Meanwhile, of course, Truth as usual waited for the noise and dust to subside before she made her appearance. She shows her hand in this new book. Peter Blaven, the young gunner subaltern with whom we are concerned in this story, has not the passionate disgust for war that we expect him to have, reading his adventures in this year of grace; on the contrary, he loves war and woos it as a mistress, so strongly indeed that his devotion leaves him no inclination for the customary pleasures and indulgences of the subaltern. Love, whether represented by a fiancée in England or by obliging damsels in Havre or Paris, is not for him. War is the biggest thing he has met; it gives him that authentic thrill, that melting of the spine, which men find in love, power, art, and adventure, and for the sake of which they are willing to risk all. His position is simple: —

'Blaven could not have explained his trouble, but it was a real one. Behind him his life lay like a valley of shadows, cut vividly by a few bright shafts. He wanted to look forward, and only forward. His normal life — and he had tried hard to believe in it, and make it seem a normal life — was failing him. He had told no one, but already dread of failure was hammering on him, retarding every movement of his to keep pace with other men. He beat his feet in mock progress while they forged past him, so he thought, and the persistence of the idea was wearing him into despair. He had longed sometimes for the breaking-point to come quickly; he thought of vanishing from the world that knew him, and that did not yet suspect. But his pride kept him going, and he had an infinite but living belief that he had a power of his own waiting for release if only the "Open Sesame" could be found.

'In the war he saw a chance for a new sort of life — new, although among his own kind. In it he believed his unrealized powers, whatever they were, would unfold. He would live at last, and win a victory for himself. No other condition of life, none he had dreamed of, could give him such a chance. So to hear talk of peace was like hearing from within his coffin the nails being driven again into the lid; the bright chisel, which had gleamed, prizing open the boards, withdrawn forever. It did not trouble him that the event which he dreaded so much would make the whole world sigh with relief at its release from torture. His quarrel was not with the world, but only within himself.'

This passage is worth quoting because it describes an attitude of mind that was much more common than we are apt to imagine now. While it is true to say that there were probably not many Peter Blavens in our army, there were, particularly among the volunteers of the first year or so, a large number of intermittent, partial Peter Blavens, whose point of view has not yet been caught in serious fiction. To Blaven, then, his battery is the core of his existence. We meet him first at Havre, impatient to be up the line, and, save for one short visit to Paris, the whole story passes at the front. Of his family, beyond a reference to his sister and father, his friendships, his peace-time occupation and interests, we learn nothing; never once do such things enter his thoughts. He is all soldier. This makes for sharpness and vividness, this lack of any normal background to which the thoughts turn naturally, in these scenes at the front. We would barter some of the lesser incidents for a description of our hero's thoughts on things outside the war, but the crises are really magnificent and have never been better done.

Mr. Miller has undoubtedly captured the war; but because he has taken an unusual young man, and then, further, taken him away from any kind of background of normal relationships and interests, he has not written *the* war-story. We have had the story of war time in which normal relationships and interests are treated justly and sensitively and in which war experiences themselves are a kind of brief nightmare. Now, in

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The Natural Man, we have the war itself, actual experience at the front, presented vividly and realistically, made into a solid reality, but at the expense of any kind of relation between it and normal life, which here is entirely shorn away. We must still wait for the story that will show both in conjunction, war experience and normal relationships and interests or at least the memory of them. In short, the one weakness of Mr. Miller's story is that it deals with the unnatural man.

For the rest, Mr. Miller has worked well within his limitations. His officers and men are real officers and men, his trenches are real trenches; most of us could put a name to them. He is always vivid and convincing. He is not, it is true, always at the height of his sensitiveness, for sometimes he gives us scenes that seem wanting in significance, simply pieces of sound reporting; but at his best he is very good indeed.

The Northern Muse. Edited by John Buchan. London: Nelson, 1924. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

Mr. John Buchan has joined the ranks of the anthologists; and it is to be feared that in doing so he will have brought down upon himself the wrath of some of his brother Scots. His book is an admirable 'anthology of Scots vernacular poetry,' rich in the gems which we know but which, as they are in a dialect which the Southron considers barbarous, we seldom recollect and can never find when we would refresh the memory. He has borrowed from the ancients and the moderns alike, with excellent judgment — from William Dunbar, James I of Scotland, Gawain Douglas, Allan Ramsay, Allan Cunningham, and Henry the Minstrel, and from Robert Louis Stevenson and Andrew Lang, to say nothing of Burns, and Scott, and the Ettrick Shepherd.

He has added to the poems which he quotes a useful commentary. But in introducing them he is bold almost to the point of rashness. He points out that the Scots vernacular is nothing but the borrowed speech of Northern England, adapted to its new environment; and he treats with contempt the claim of Hume of Godscroft that he wrote his Scottish mother-tongue, esteeming English 'but a dialect of our own, and that (perhaps) more corrupt.' He admits, even, that the Scots of the ports is 'a book tongue' and nothing more, and declares that 'no Scot in the later eighteenth century . . . spoke exactly as Burns wrote.' Since the sixteenth century the Scots vernacular, such as it was, has been declining, until it has become 'little more than a robust rendering of colloquial English,' and to restore it now, he realizes, 'is beyond the power of any Act of Parliament, because the life on which it depended is gone.'

So the speech borrowed from across the Border is dying, and Mr. Kirkwood is troubled to find the Stone of Destiny, borrowed from goodness knows where, at Westminster. Stands Scotland itself where it did?

Ronsard, sa vie et son œuvre, by Gustave Cohen. Paris: Boivin, 1924.

[Marcel Raymond in *La Nouvelle Revue Française*]

We have not enough sound popular works. Analyses follow monographs, and syntheses are becoming constantly less possible. We are fortunate indeed if those who undertake them are not those trivial minds who know nothing of the most recent studies, and content themselves with expressing, with regard to everything, the conventional sentiments. M. Cohen does not belong to this class. He knows all his sources and he thinks highly enough of his public to conceal nothing from it. He knows how to simplify problems without distorting them and how to solve them in comprehensible language, to which we owe the impression of clearness and perfect certainty that a reading of his book reveals. In this, Ronsard's centennial year, it is the best guide for the student or the cultivated man who is about to become acquainted with work of great abundance and diversity. M. Cohen has written the biography of a man and at the same time has sketched the inner evolution of his poetry. Ronsard is set in the very midst of his century, living deeply the life of that renaissance all of whose virtues he displays.

BOOKS MENTIONED

Btai Vir Singh: *Nargas, Songs of a Sikh.* London: Dent, 1924. *5s.*

Wells, H. G. *The Story of a Great Schoolmaster*, Being a Plain Account of the Life and Ideas of Sanderson of Oundle. London: Chatto & Windus. New York: Macmillan, 1924, $1.50.

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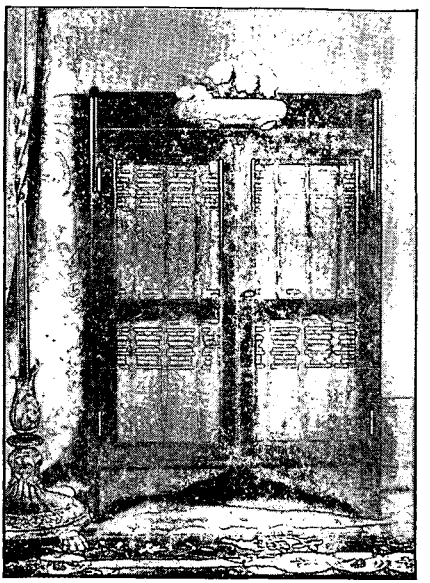

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To-Day Comes Into the Public Eye—

THE February number of Scribner's Magazine with John Hays Hammond's "Strong Men of the Wild West" in it.

Mr. Hammond has observed the workings of law in many lands.

He has encountered adventure the world over.

He was with Cecil Rhodes in South Africa, and, as a result of the famous Jameson Raid, (with which, be it said, he was not in sympathy) he was sentenced to death.

He was released only after payment of $125,000.

He was in the midst of the bloody Coeur d'Alene miners' strike in 1891 and it was he who brought the first trainload of picked miners in from San Francisco to aid in resuming operations.

This same man was pictured recently walking with the then Premier Ramsay Macdonald of England.

It was he who attended the first state dinner of the season at the White House this year.

In the February Scribner's Magazine, he presents us the old heroic, lawless, romantic West, without painting out its color but with a new significance.

The concluding part appears in the March number. Each tells a separate story, pointing to significant facts.

A few of the men he pictures in this first narrative are:

Wild Bill Hickok, who killed men because he had to and then supported their widows;

Charles A. Siringo of the Pinkertons, "the most interesting, resourceful, and courageous detective I ever dealt with";

William T. Coleman, who quieted Dennis Kearny "the Sand Lot Orator."

Mr. Hammond compares these lawless days with to-day when there are, perhaps, too many laws with too few of them enforced.

The Northwest Mounted Police come in, and the vigilantes, and the gunmen, and all the characters of the period.

In the March number, Mr. Hammond tells how he slept with a murderer down in the Southwest. He goes to South Africa for a comparison. We see Black Bart, the gentlemanly highway robber, and Siringo again.

"Strong Men of the Wild West" in the February Scribner's Magazine is fascinating as a story and important as a commentary on law.

* * *

This same number of Scribner's Magazine contains the story of an immigrant boy by Stanislaw Gutowski and the personal record of a naval officer's wife by Stella Beehler Ruddock.

* * *

These accounts of personal experiences and adventures are valuable as well as interesting, and so is the rest of the February Scribner's Magazine.

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